THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1865.

THE LETTERS IN GERMAN TEXT.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Meantime the German and Italian were not neglected, but Agnes complained bitterly of those terrible German terminations, and often wondered if it would be possible to find a teacher. Mr. Kirtley made inquiries among all his acquaintances, but did not succeed in finding one; the German residents, being for the most part poor emigrants, whose dialect could not be depended upon. At last a young English gentleman, to whom Mr. Kirtley mentioned his difficulty, begged him to accept his services for his daughter, assuring him that paradoxical as it might seem to make such an assertion—that German was his native tongue. He was a person of wealth and standing in the colony, who would not accept pecuniary compensation, so that Mr. Kirtley and his daughter were both to accept his services, but there was no refusing them, and he was regularly installed as Agnes's instructor, and the German lessons began in earnest; for it soon became apparent that whatever Mr. Lincoln undertook was sure to be done in earnest, and the hour devoted to German became the crowning one of the day. Such delights and depths of beauty as her new teacher opened up to her in German literature, Agnes had not imagined. Finding out casually her Italian acquirements, he showed himself no less familiar with the language of Tasso and Dante; and in fact there seemed to be no language and no sphere of knowledge in which Mr. Lincoln was not perfectly at home, so that Agnes often inexplicably remarked that she wondered what had brought such an admirable Crichton to Australia.

Mr. Kirtley was charmed with their new acquaintance, and the more he saw of Mr. Lincoln the more he liked him. Agnes was also a great favorite with him, and there was no day to draw me back to England. Then, too, I felt how much easier it would be for me to have some communication of my testimony before daring a confession. So fumbling one night in my pockets which have inexorably happy ever since—and I don't see why you could have taken it so to heart," said Mr. Kirtley, "though I'm sure of the most skeptical effect I ever heard of. It is what might have happened to any one—I myself, I dare say, have done the same thing myself."

"I have something to show you," the child answered, abruptly quitting the room.

Agnes was absent a great while Mr. Lincoln thought, longer than it should require to find anything in a well regulated household; and when at last she did return there was proof of her having suffered her overcharged feelings to have free vent. "Here is the heart-stabber," she said, casting it to his enemy, "that has brought about all these complications." "And you have kept it all these years?" said the commissary.

"Among my choicest treasures," Agnes answered with a hysterical attempt at gayety. "I have cherished it as did knights of old his lady's love token."

"Oh, that it might prove to be such!" spoke to Mr. Lincoln's lips, but evidently thinking this nothing here before a third party; and the latter as usual, because, he checked himself and arose to take leave.

"Why didn't you ask Mr. Lincoln on way to-day, Agnes?" asked her father, gravely, observing the yearning for his Australian

Agnes was a little nervous and slightly out of humor; there had been too much said, yet not quite enough for the happiness of all parties. When question of the convicted at Botta Bay, "Because I thought he needed rest after all the long speeches, papa."

It was not long before Mr. Lincoln found an opportunity for making some more speeches, not very long, but quite to the point, and addressed to Agnes's private ear, which were delivered and listened to without the slightest sign of weakness.

Poor Mr. Lincoln had had such a weary waiting before his morbid sense of honor would allow him to ask Agnes to be his wife, that he was very much disinclined to wait now for the final consummation.

And now Agnes, who but the other day was so amiable, grew most provokingly obstinate, declared that, "It would be time enough to think about being married when they returned to England, it was but a little while now," and continued in this perverse frame of mind until her father began to throw out hints of the way Aunt Elinor would manage affairs. Then Agnes began to *yield*, feeling that she never could survive what Aunt Elinor termed a stylish wedding. And so it came to pass, that one lovely day, just at sunset, (the hour fatal in their lives) in the presence of a few friends, Dudley E. Lincoln and Agnes Kirtley were married in the little colonial church, and the dream of heaven that had assailed Aunt Elinor was realized—Agnes *had* found a husband in Australia!

The time was indeed drawing near for the return of the emigrants to their own land. Agnes was both glad and sorry. Her residence in Australia had been so happy, and as Agnes gratefully said so blest, that she could scarcely bear to tear herself away from that locality; and yet her long absence from friends, and almost from civilization had given her a very keen appreciation of those blessings; and so Agnes, a wife of three weeks standing, sat by the window of their pretty cottage in dreamy idleness, trying to reconcile conflicting feelings, when her husband and father entered.

"Another mail from England, my dear," said the latter.

"Any private news, papa?"

"Yes, my darling; very sad news; your Uncle George is dead."

If George Kirtley had not been a confiding and affectionate brother, yet his death was the first link broken in the family chain, and his brother felt it deeply, though man-like he restrained his feelings and began to talk about his will.

"There is a small bequest to me," he said, "and several others among his relatives and friends, but the bulk of his property, as Elinor predicted, goes to charities. The strangest thing about the will is, that no mention, whatever, is made of the Bluff House property. Williams states that he asserted to the last that he had given it away, but no claimant has appeared, and you may be sure no one would be long in claiming such a gift."

"It is very strange—very strange indeed; Uncle George was not much in the habit of making costly presents. That reminds me— Papa, did I ever tell you of Uncle George's gift to me—not the doll—something later? I will run and bring it."

Agnes returned in a moment with the little trunk.

"He said it must not be opened until after his death. We may open it now," she said, sadly.

Mr. Kirtley busied himself with conjectures as to its contents, while Agnes went eagerly to work to untie the string.

"My dear Agnes, you will never get those

[illegible] said with such [illegible] [illegible] and every [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY OUIDA.

Resources of Uruguay—Rural Life—Social Characteristics—Climate—Seasons—Destroyed by Lightning.

It cannot be denied that while Brazil is wealthy in precious woods, and gems, and rich minerals, the Banda Oriental should be known of them all. By many, probably, they may be there, treated of but slightly in the descriptions sent to Paraguay, a few sentences, but worthless pebbles about the course of the principle stream, the Rio Negro, and of illimitable wide spaces, tiny flocks of gaucho's cattle about the head waters of the Uruguay rivulet.

When you have traversed the country, and made familiar friends with its agricultural features, and learned something of the conviction becomes almost axiomatic that all this territory, including the greater portion of the Provinces of Rio Grande do Sul, from Cape St. Maria Grande southward, including the present lakes of de los Patos, Merim, with the many smaller estuaries, bays, and lagoons, and two-thirds of modern Uruguay, was at an early period a vast indentation of shallow water, and has been gradually filled in by sands driven from the sea, accumulating after ages, a surface of rich soil in many regions, and a luxuriant growth of vegetation, in the same unsatisfactory manner that the bare, rugged, and far-off coral reefs and islands of the Pacific gradually clothe themselves in verdure. In this manner we may account for the absence of all minerals in the country. I do not quite understand how it is possible, to do so satisfactorily in any other.

The natural resources of Uruguay are purely agricultural, and in these the country is unequalled by any other of the Spanish American republics. Rising out of the estuary the sand regions, Uruguay has a soil of unequalled richness and productiveness, and its cultivation presents one most singular feature that to the European or North American who observes it for the first time, seems a very miracle. That is the entire absence of any noxious weeds springing up and fighting with the farmer for the supremacy of the soil, as we find them doing everywhere in the United States and Europe. There are, it is certain, many weeds and vegetables exceedingly rank, in the Banda Oriental, but not one of them all is the plucky, persevering, obstinate fellow such as the cultivator of the soil in other countries always find to contend with. Once assume your territorial rule, and the weed tribes fade away from your course as vanishes the red man before the onward march of civilization.

With a climate favorable to the growth of almost all our northern cereals and root crops, and at the same time admitting of the production of many of the tropical fruits, as well as every variety of vegetables found in our gardens in the United States, Uruguay is a very garden, as generous in its vegetable, as it is in it's animal returns of wealth.

The quality of grazing on all the plains is far superior to that of any portion of Brazil, and with no marked vicissitudes of climate—no scorching and burning up in summer, no shivering and freezing in winter, and grazing abundant throughout the entire year, both horned cattle and sheep are always found in better condition, and are far more prolific, than they are in any of the adjacent territories. The beef of Uruguay is better than that of any other region east of the Andes, and the mutton superior to that of any other South American country excepting Chili.

With such a population as we have in the United States, and under a government like ours, the available agricultural resources of Uruguay would be superior to those of any other country of like extent in the world, while under the existing order of things they simply afford a subsistence to a wretched race of semi-barbarians.

The standard of morals in the Banda Oriental, is something lower than that of Brazil, in as much as there are no schools as a general thing throughout the country, and the people at the present time are more under the Jesuitical rule than any other people on the face of the earth—and it is no secret, that always, in all countries, Jesuitical influence has ever been inimical to educational advancement of the masses; and it is just as patent, that wherever we find gross ignorance, a low state of morals is inevitably its inseparable companion. Long-continued political disturbances and a vitiated government, have also contributed very much to the deplorable condition of Uruguayan morals. Those who are unwisely governed, rarely govern themselves wisely.

The social characteristics of the people are, however, very far superior to what we should very naturally expect to find in a country so subjugated to tyrannical rule, and distracted by frequent political strife. Indeed, if we leave Montevideo out of the reckoning, we have quite as pleasant a social rule throughout the country, as can be found anywhere on the great continental peninsula. Many of the social customs of the people come nearer to those of the inhabitants of the interior of the provinces of Andalusia, Murcia, and Catalonia in Spain, than those of any other people I have ever lived among. Let us take a fair example—

Being a stranger in the country, with not five words of the language at command, sadly becoming necessity has sent you—say to the residence of one of the better-class herdsmen. You find the proprietor absent, and there you are, at the door of the estancia, face to face with *el amore*, and you cannot, to save your life, tell her your business—i. e. in a way that she can understand you. Now in this country, or almost any other, under such circumstances, there would be a "dead lock," a total failure of negotiations, and you might back out and beguse at once for all the understanding you two would ever come to. But the social Archive is more ingenious. It occurs to her that you have some business with her door or you would not be there. So, taking your arm quite familiarly, and smiling her very sweetest, displaying such rows of pearls set in coral as you have never dreamed of having a home within a woman's lips, she coaxes you along in with words half Spanish, half Portuguese, and two-thirds the liquid idiom of the Rio de la Plata, all sounding to you soft and sweet as the ring dove's gentle cooing:—

"Entra, Senor—entre—Por favor—entre pues—Mucho bon venir usted." Englished by—Enter, sir—enter—If you please—come in here. You are very welcome. And thus the smiling siren introduces you into the best apartment the estancia affords, leads you to a chair, and in her very quickest way, of which you understand nothing, but the gaze, she bids you be seated. Then she shouts another shrill note or two, and you hear the word "Vino," and you take the hint, supplying very distinctly—"Wine."

"Senora, senor! Juan esta ahorcado en Inglish Vinko." Thus she goes on—"Vinko—vinko, senor. Vamos dig—vinko—vino—vino, sir. Come, speak—wine." And she persists until you have understood—the Finish the word promptly, and she thus practices on wine until her pronunciation is to correct to your own.

Then seated between the liquid reward of merit, and the fourth and finishing gem on with her fingers, bringing her vocabulary your aim, teeth, eyes, finger-tips and nose also, teaching you literally that nose signifies in English, what do you call it, and herself learning that your what do you call it in her nose also, and away you fleet together as quickly as possible, beguiling without three words of each other's language, and smiling on lover's scale) that within you have thought scarcely five minutes, with a very definite knowledge of nearly everything you can see, or at least the name of it, and ever afterwards qualified to ask the name of anything you happen to see or want.

Certain it is that in the Banda Oriental, as in the Province of the Rio de la Plata, the very best Spanish grammar and dictionary any foreigner ignorant of the language can possibly have is a brilliant, bright-eyed senora if you happen to be a man, remaining the case if you are a lady—only the result is you don't learn very choice Castilian. It is, however, a *langue franca* that will serve your purpose all over South America a great deal better than pure Spanish.

As one would naturally suppose, one of the inevitable results of such a state of political affairs as Uruguay has for so many years been subjected to, the crop of thieves and lawless brigands is everywhere plentiful enough. But it is only in the city of Montevideo that we find the highway robber a ruthless assassin and blood-thirsty cut-throat. The rural highwaymen, who are plentiful enough all over the country, are just the most civil and reasonable set of vagabonds that ever went abroad taking alms.

A dozen fierce-looking finely mounted fellows will come dashing down upon you as if they would annihilate you at a swoop, draw rein in your front, doff their sombreros, and in a very civil, gentlemanly way inform you that they have need of a dollar apiece from you. I never heard of country highwayman levy more than that, and very frequently if you inform them that you have been laid under unreasonable contribution that day, or on that journey, they let you pass without exacting any tribute, and in several instances where a party has plead a depleted purse, I have seen these considerate pampa plunderers contribute so liberally to the traveller that they would send him on his way better supplied with funds than they were themselves.

It is as a general thing a very easy matter to traverse the country for an indefinite period and at a remarkably cheap rate by simply commuting the public levies. At seeing out, the first company or single highwayman you fall in with, give him, or them, a dollar or two extra, produce a bit of paper and pencil, and though probably not one in a thousand of them knows one letter of the alphabet from another, they will scrawl some sort of a nondescript hieroglyphic that will afford you perfect immunity in future, unless you should happen to fall in with some irregular practitioner, in which case, if you give information to the next squad of regular highwaymen you meet, they will be sure to refund the amount of which you have been plundered, and you may rest assured that the party who robbed you will not infest the pampas very long.

As a general thing, in the city of Montevideo, the soldiers monopolise all the plundering of individuals. No person is allowed to pass along the streets at night without the password, and it very frequently happens that though a person having the word is allowed to pass himself, everything of value he may happen to have upon his person will be confiscated by these public plunderers. And there is no redress for the rascality, complain at headquarters as you will.

It frequently happens that a squad of these *soldado* marauders will set upon a half dozen or so peaceable, respectable citizens, keeping in company for mutual security; a fight will ensue, blood be spilled, life lost perhaps, and if the citizens are wounded, as they generally are, they are dragged away to the filthy prison holes, but are they arrive, are plundered of every valuable thing about them.

I remember one dark, threatening night, during one of the periodical blockades, that a party of eighteen of us—English and Americans—disarmed the guard at the principal military prison, dashed in the doors, and rescued an American merchant who had incurred the displeasure of the ruling tyrant, and was sentenced to be shot on the following day.

Our intention was to convey our rescued friend on board the U. S. frigate Congress, which was lying in the harbor, and we were in a fair way of getting safely off with him, as we were not pursued by the guard, but about half way down the street we were set upon by a strong patrol, considerably outnumbering our party.

We gave the pass-word for the night, at the challenge, but they did not regard it an atom, but pressed upon us so closely that there was no mistaking their intentions. But we had no idea of being plundered, or carried to prison that night, and we warned them to keep off.

Still they continued to press us more closely, and made a demonstration as if they would surround and capture us at the point of the bayonet. At that moment, passed Midshipman Hopkins, of the Congress, a very Keeper, Jr., and fearless as a tiger, both which being pertinent to the present narrative, I will here state that with a party of seamen from the frigate, he was on shore, and had been detailed to bring off the last boat load of our party.

They were almost upon us, when there was a thundering, thrilling shout, as twelve overwhelming cries of a thousand parks of artillery all discharged at once; we were stunned and struck down by the terrific shock, and when at length we staggered to our feet, the great church by there a mass of ruins, carrying to the wreck every soul of our late assailants.

Recovering our faculties, we drove down at a run upon the frightened and disorganized mass that blocked up the way before us, blazing away right and left with our revolvers, breaking through their stupefied and disheartened ranks, and gaining our boats at the landing, without a hand being raised to obstruct our progress. In another half hour we were safe on board the frigate.

☞ A WARNING TO LADIES.—The *Publicite* of Marseilles, France, announces a new kind of strike—that of barbers. Not fewer than 6,000 young men, it stated, of that place, between the age of 20 and 30, held a meeting in the open air a little way out of the town, and entered into an agreement not to ask any young person in marriage until a complete change shall have been operated in the manner of living and particularly in the dress of the fairer sex. The young men insist on greater simplicity in every respect, and a return to the more modest habits of a century or two ago.

☞ A flag flag as an old man walks—by the aid of a staff.

☞ Good nature is the very air of a good mind, the sign of a large and generous heart.

☞ "Sleep, like death, is a great leveller," said Mr. B——, yawning, as he closed a large volume just before retiring. "Plato, while asleep, was no greater than any other mortal; Argus, when asleep, I'm as great a man as Plato."

"Was Plato, when asleep, think you, your equal in every respect?" asked his friend.

"Certainly." "Then he must have been an awful sloven."

☞ To see a Britisher scalp a Britisher, says Sam Slick, talking of parliamentary conflicts, is equal to a bull-fight, any time. "You don't hear whether the bull, or the horse, or the rider is killed, none of them is 'dockin' to you; so you can enjoy it, and hurrar for him that wins. I don't hear who carries the day, the rally of a treat of juice, but I want to see the sport. It's excitin', them things." As to killing, the more the merrier."

☞ The Germans do not use the words "church-yard" and "burying-ground" to designate their places of interment. They use the beautiful and suggestive expression, "God's Acre," and "Court of Peace."

☞ An engineer tells the following story of Western life:—We had been busy during the day, running a line through a dense place of woodland. An old woman gazed on us for some time in silence. We all saw she wanted to enter into conversation; and none, with the exception of myself, wished to gratify her. I soon commenced a dialogue on various subjects and things, and, as a matter of course, I put my best foot forward. Struck with my language, she exclaimed, in a tone quite flattering to my vanity, "La, how learned you are!" But the compliment received a death blow. "If I was as high learned a scholar as you," continued she, "I'd quit ingineerin, and go to keepin' a little grocery!"

☞ A good story is told of a country gentleman who, for the first time, heard an Episcopal clergyman preach. He had read much of the aristocracy of the church, and when he returned home, he was asked if the people were "stuck up." "Pshaw! no," replied he; "why, the minister preached *in his shirt sleeves!*"

☞ The difference between the two sexes may be often stated thus: A man gives two shillings for an eighteen-penny thing he wants, and a woman gives eighteen pence for a two shillings thing she does not want.

☞ A little girl in Hartford jumped her rope five hundred times and fell dead.

☞ A correspondent, speaking of Alexander Dumas's lectures in France and Belgium, says that, although the placards announce discourses on Cæsar and Napoleon, the lectures are in reality devoted to "Cæsar, Jules-Gerard, Bon-shooting, swimming, the Kalmucks, and personal adventures. The lecturer has an enormous manuscript with him, from which he never once looks up the whole time of the lecture, so frightened is he by that hydra, the public."

☞ The last wonderful discovery made is that by a Frenchmen, that electricity applied to a certain small apparatus repels rain, and he places this electrical apparatus in his cane, which he holds above his head, when the rain pours off in all directions. The people of the town in which he lives gaze at him, it is said, with a sort of awe as he walks in the midst of rain without being wetted. The days of umbrellas are over!

☞ A person's character depends a good deal on his bringing up. For instance, a man who has been *brought up by the police* seldom turns out respectable.

☞ The ocean, besides being a medium of commerce, is largely engaged in the manufacturing business. It produces no end of blue and white sarcee.

☞ Why should marriage be spoken of as a tender tie, when it is so tough that nothing but death can cut it?

DEACONESSES' INSTITUTION.

[From the "Lady's Book," June, 1865.]

Miss Susanna Wesley, the mother of seven sons, famous for their piety, and of two daughters, equally remarkable for their devotion to the cause of God (Mrs. Hall, the mother of Rev. Robert Newton, Rev. Dr. Bunting, and Rev. John Hall, who also were all eminent for the piety of their lives), has also been an honored name in the annals of the good and the pleasing of the world.

Pastor Fliedner established a hospital, a gaol, a nursing and asylum for women released from prison, an orphan asylum, normal schools, an Infant school, a deaf and dumb institution, a school for the blind, a training school for the Deaconesses, whom he also founded at Kaiserswerth. The mother house now at Kaiserswerth. But his labors are not only all over Germany, but all over the world; from the East to North America, from Italy to London. He has Deaconesses at Jerusalem, Constantinople, Smyrna, Alexandria, and Beirout. And these 1865, he has (as stated in the number of Evangelical Christendom, of October, 1865,) at Pypeyat and Bilton given a Christian harbor to the orphan children and widows from the Lebanon massacres, under his Deaconess's charge.

"In the spring of this year (1865) there were 410 Deaconesses belonging to Kaiserswerth, of whom 226 were full sisters; 206 are out-work; 100 students in Germany and abroad. Besides these, twenty were at work in the war hospitals of Schleswig-Holstein, two more had been asked for by the War Minister, but only some of the six could be spared to go. In the Schleswig-Holstein war hospitals were many Roman Catholics, Austrians, and Danes, then Prussians (to which the better. The Roman Catholics have now their Evangelical Sisters of Charity (as well.) Thirty-three sisters are at work at Parish Deaconesses in twenty-five parishes, but yearly have applications for sisters to be stationed. The harvest truly is ready, but the laborers are still too few. Seventy-five sisters deputed to education only (of whom thirty-one are full sisters) are included among the above 410. But this number gives no idea of the work of training nursery-maids for infant schools, elementary schools, industrial schools, young ladies' boarding schools, and governesses for private families, which grow out at Kaiserswerth. 1,207 have been thus trained, who work freely for the good cause, but do not enter as Deaconesses; and blessed as is the work of the latter, perhaps the former work has an equally world-wide influence for doing good."

We might plead for a similar Institution here, describe the well-denying, unthankful sacrifices of our ladies during the past four years, while Philadelphia has been the City of Hospitals for the sick and wounded of our Army and Navy; thus proving how easy it would be to obtain helpers in the good work, and the pecuniary aid. Pastor Fliedner's example would hardly demand such imitation of his course. Christian philanthropy, to be real and forcible, must be the work of faith, hope, love, wrought out in patience on the Gospel foundation. Christ must be the Leader and Exemplar for us, as He has been for Pastor Fliedner. The grain of mustard seed must be sown here; we cannot plant the ripened tree and make it live.

How to organize the services of Christian Women, so as to make their work the most beneficial to humanity, is now the problem which some of the noblest minds and holiest men in the Christian Churches of America are seeking to solve. They begin to understand that, as women had *name, place, and "memorial,"* under Jesus Christ and the Apostles, when the Church was founded; so women should now have the same privileges. The recognition has never yet been awarded them in any Protestant Church of America, and never can be fully done until the order of Deaconesses is restored.

Therefore, we humbly pray and petition, in the name and on the behalf of all Christian Women in our land, that "The General Protestant Episcopal Convention of the United States" would take up this subject and begin the good work. Other denominations of our Christian People will, we trust, find authority in the Gospel for similar Institutions, and thus give women *name and place and memorial* in all the Churches of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The authority for employing women in the services of religious instruction and care of the poor, under the direction of the Church, has been carefully set forth in a pamphlet* published in Philadelphia, 1862, and widely circulated. To that we refer our readers. But the example of Christ who, "made of a woman," showed Himself her Divine Friend as well as Saviour, we will briefly examine. Christ gave women his public sympathy and confidence. He accepted their ministrations and defended their cause; performed His first miracle at the suggestion of a woman; revealed to a woman His Spiritual mission, which she first taught to men; gave to a woman the blessed "memorial" that "she hath wrought a good work on me;" and after His glorious resurrection, appeared first to the women, giving them a message for His disciples.

Did not our Saviour show clearly, by his example, that believing women were to have some name and place and memorial in His Church on earth?

The Apostles, no less than the Saviour himself, enjoyed the co-operation of Christian women. In the "Acts" and in the "Epistles," how many reports of the good works of women are recorded! The names of Dorcas and Lydia, of Phebe (*the deaconess,*) "servant of the Church," and Priscilla, who assisted her husband, Aquilla, in the instruction of Apollos, come to us as examples of the worth of woman's ministry in Christian Churches.

We need not enlarge. The excellent "Report," to which we refer, proves, conclusively, that the office of "Deaconess" in the Church, was organized by the Apostles. Earnestly do we hope and pray that this order of women may be restored, and that the "General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States" (1865,) will plant the good seed which may grow up in pure loveliness and fruitfulness, an

"INSTITUTION, primary in position, whose object shall be, not only the association and training of women for lives of mercy and labors of love, but also to gather around it all the multiplied agencies in Charity for the aged, Asylums for Orphans, Industrial Schools, Orphan Homes, Christian Nurseries, and the like, to be served by its laborers, to the glory of God and the highest good of humanity."

MARY JOSEPHA HALL.

* The Report made to the Diocese of Pennsylvania on Organizing the Services of Christian Women," etc. Committee, Rev. George Leeds, Rev. M. A. De Wolf Howe, Rev. Leighton Coleman, Rev. Felix R. Brunot, Prof. Henry Coppee.

"Woman's Mission to the Christian Church," is another pamphlet on this important subject, deserving the thanks of all who wish to do good. Published 1864.

THE HISTORY IN SEVEN VERSES.

1. "She shall be called woman because she was taken out of man."—Gen. ii. 23.
2. "I will put enmity between thee and the woman."—Gen. iii. 15.
3. "Sorrowful and brief be her lodging, and she shall rejoice in none."—Prologue to Ecclesiasticus, xxii. 12.
4. "Blessed art thou among women."—Luke i. 28.
5. "God hath made of one blood all nations."—Acts xvii. 26.
6. "The woman is the glory of the man."—1 Cor. xi. 7.
7. "A woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars."—Rev. xii. 1.

☞ It is said that the Rio Grande Champagne was so very thunderous that even the bottle, which he much enjoyed. At one of the judge's dinners during his sojourn, there was present a certain dignitary of the church. When the cloth was removed, "I always think," said the very reverend guest, "I always think, my lord, that a certain quantity of wine does a man no harm after a good dinner." "Oh, no, sir!—by no means," replied the Chief Baron; "it's the uncertain quantity that does all the mischief."

☞ It was a curious freak of the late tornado in Minnesota that it stretched the telegraph wires sixty feet. When found by the repairers the wire, though disconnected from the main battery, was so charged with electricity that it communicated a severe shock nineteen hours after the storm had passed. It is supposed that the wire was so overcharged as to become red hot, and in that condition stretched by the sheer force of the wind.

☞ No faithful workman finds his work a burden. We must all toil or steal—no matter how we name our stealing.

☞ The rain has one disagreeable fault; it is an extra-dropper.

☞ Mr. Richard Thornton, the millionaire of London, who died a few weeks ago, left property to the value of $18,500,000. As an instance of the manner in which he accumulated wealth it is related that, he was apprised of the fact of Napoleon's return from Moscow three days before it was known either to the British Ministers or to any other person in London, and he profited by it something over $1,000,000.

☞ A Western reporter, in one of the cities on the Mississippi, announced the arrival from New Orleans of the lady of a prominent major-general after the following quaint style:—"Mrs. Gen. C——— came up on the Handy. Her cargo consisted of three hundred and eighty bales of cotton, and eight hundred tons assorted private freight."

☞ THANKFULNESS.—A rapid and emphatic recital of the following, is said to be an infallible cure for lisping: Hobbs meets Snobbs and Nobbs; Hobbs bobs to Snobbs and Nobbs; Hobbs Nobbs with Snobbs, and robs Nobbs's fob. "That is," says Nobbs, "the worst for Hobbs jobs," and Snobbs sobs.

☞ In accordance with the state law requiring each county to erect at its court-house a sundial, one has been put up at Pittsburg, and then enclosed by an iron railing in such a manner that no one can see the dial. Wonder what the commissioners thought the dial was for?

☞ The following are among the notices put up as a petroleum town in the western part of the state: "No talking with the chambermaid." "Fare as high as at any other house." "Not responsible for boots left in the hall." "No sardines admitted."

☞ A good story is told by the porter of the Morgue (dead house) in Paris, who was aroused at 3 o'clock one morning by the loud ringing of the bell. He found a tipsy man at the gate, who replied to his interrogations, "I have not been home for three days, and I feel quite uneasy about myself—so I have come to see if I am here."

☞ The following startling threat was made use of the other day, by an excited pugilist:—"I'll twist you round your own throat, until there is nothing left of you but the extreme ends of your shirt collar, sticking out of your eyes." His opponent left.

☞ Two young ladies of astronomical tastes at Norwich, Conn., thought they had discovered a remarkable phenomenon in the heavens the other night, and called many of their friends out to look at it. Everybody was astonished at the shining orb, except a youth of a philosophical mind, who started off on a journey of investigation. He had not proceeded far when he found that the brilliant star was the head of a gilded weathercock on a distant barn, on which the moon's rays had fallen.

☞ Josh Billings says—"When a man's dog deserts him on account of his poverty, he can't get any lower down in this world—not by land."

☞ The editor of a country paper put a dozen saucy questions to a political opponent, and concluded with calling him a *brandy barrel*. Whereupon the "opponent" retorts, "If he has that opinion of us, no wonder he is so fond of *pumping* us."

☞ Among the new announcements in London is one of an "International Polyglot Travelling Institution," to which young gentlemen of all nations are admitted. The school "will be continually travelling, under the superior person. Each language will be taught in the country where it is spoken with the greatest purity. Towns, monuments, and museums, will be carefully and scientifically inspected."

☞ Why did Joseph's brethren cast him into the pit? Because they didn't want him in the family circle.

BY MRS. ANNE SHARP VOSE.

Soft were the pillows—the light was dim,
I lay at rest on my mother's breast,
And slumber of angels shone round me;
Hold back all care from my sleeping head.

But was the sun on the ocean ship,
Just cast a gleam some like this room,
Dim of the twilight on southern coast,
Cold and cruel in its grateful gloom.

But softly a light hand touched thy hair—
The dream was dead, and the angels fewer!
I waked to anguish unutterable and wild,
Earthly and mortal, but all my own!

Soft, soft were the eyes my angel wore,
Like a calm sky on a summer night;
No wings were spread, but I often think
I see them folded in linen of white!

"Mamma!" she said, "I feared you were dead!
I stooped and listened to catch your breath;
You were so silent, so calm, so still—
Mamma! oh, what if it had been death?"

"Hushsie," she said, as I clasped her hand,
Pitifullest darling who blessed my sleep!
"Rest! mine shall watch you, rest long and well,
Sister while you slumber, my watch I'll keep!"

In all the years that shall sometimes walk
Over your fourth with relentless feet,
Dare one I may never your youth in vain,
For homage rendered in ways so sweet!

Man-Slaughter By Mistake.

A LEAF FROM A BLOCKADER'S LOG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY R. T. MAXWELL.

We did not, in this monotonous blockading existence of ours, witness frequent scenes of bloodshed, human carnage and horror; but there was one tragic incident, which occurred in the early part of my service on blockade duty, and in which I was a principal actor, that ever since has frequently reoccurred to my dreams, and while I live, will thrill with its terrible reality every fibre of my being, whenever memory involuntarily flashes back upon this hated theme.

We had, during our first months of blockading service in the Nonpariel, several very bad fellows among the crew—three of them were especially so. Chief of the three, and instigator and ringleader of all the mischief and lawlessness that had occurred on board, was Jack Smith, an Irishman. He was a big, burly fellow, strong as a giant, a prime seaman when so disposed, and possessed of more brutish impudence than I ever saw exhibited by any man before. Besides all these qualifications, Jack was a murderously disposed, blood-thirsty scoundrel, quarrelsome among his companions upon all occasions, and eager all hours for the Nonpariel's fight from a Boston prison, where he had served out a year's apprenticeship for stabbing the captain and a third mate of the last ship he had been in.

The second of our three worthies was Bill Barstow, a cockney Englishman, a ticket-of-leave subject from Norfolk Island, where he had been sent by some British criminal court, for the term of twenty-six years, for the crimes of burglary, arson, and assault with intent to kill. Bill was in all respects a fair match for Jack Smith, except that he was less formidable physically, carried a trifle less beam in his face, and as a sailor was considerably below mediocrity.

Our third worthy was a Green Mountain Yankee, named Enoch Thorpe, the superior of Jack Smith even in stature and muscular development; and unlike most of gigantic mould generally, Thorpe was certainly possessed of the most quietest, murderous disposition I have ever met with in man. He had fled from Vermont to avoid the consequences of having maliciously maimed for life a young clergyman against whom he had taken a causeless spite; and of this and many other lawless deeds he made open and frequent boasts among the crew.

With three such samples of rascality cooped up with us within the contracted limits of a craft like ours, it is natural enough to conclude that neither our berth or quarterdecks were very much like a modern, salt-water paradise. Every day there was a row of some sort—often a serious one; and as a rule some one of the three disturbers of the peace was constantly in double irons, and not infrequently all three at once were undergoing the severest punishment allowed by the rules of naval service. But neither punishment nor kindness produced the least effect upon the obdurate rascals. Matters were daily becoming worse, and it was a common remark among the officers that the three unruly desperadoes must be got rid of or open mutiny and murder would soon ensue. It was finally resolved to state the facts to the Admiral at Port Royal, and ask that the three desperadoes should be transferred to some one of the larger vessels of the fleet, where they could be managed with more facility than in our little cockle-shell of a craft. Before an opportunity for putting in practice this resolution occurred an event happened which rid us and the entire service of the three wretches forever.

We had been ordered to run across the Gulf, and keep along up and down the western edge of the Bimini, between Abaco and Gun Key for ten days, after which we were to keep down the Berards, Biminies, and Cardenas; when we were to stretch across the Old Providence Channel, reconnoitre Nassau without going in, and then out directly across the Banks for Port Royal, and report to Admiral Dupont.

Our ten days of Bimini cruising being up, and the vessel very tight at search, making it impossible for us to beat by Gun Key against the strong Gulf current, which here runs close in to the coral reefs, we anchored on Saturday afternoon a mile off shore from the Great Bimini, the principal island of a group designated on the charts as the Biminies—a most cluster of coralline islets, low and out of water, the haunt of wreckers, wreckers, and vagabonds of both sexes and all colors—white, black, and "any" complexion between, half the civilized, and many of the particular pickings the earth. This delectable territory of coral sand-heaps is claimed by Great Britain, but the entire government authority of the Great Bimini is a combination of miserable huts and wigwams, half sheltering a

[illegible] the Gulf Stream, and the [illegible] in the Bimini, [illegible] Abaco and Gun Key for ten days, after which we were to keep down the Berards, Biminies, and Cardenas; when we were to stretch across the Old Providence Channel, reconnoitre Nassau without going in, and then out directly across the Banks for Port Royal, and report to Admiral Dupont.

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[illegible] In this estimate of the probable chief we seem to be unjust, the commander of the schooner argued that the most valuable chief [illegible] would be that still hidden in, that I should take with me some hogs, ostensibly for the purpose of bringing off some of the sheep, hundred weight, and with one of the boats, land on the island with a view to reality of securing one from the islanders may knowledge they might [illegible] of barbarous customs and their [illegible]

Accordingly on Sunday morning, when the people were summoned on deck, the order was given to the crew of the port quarter boat to be prepared to go on shore at one bell. The sand bags and two or three muskets were placed in the boat, and as soon as the crew were piped down to breakfast, I quietly slipped a brace of loaded revolvers into the locker under the stern sheets, not knowing what might occur in my intercourse with the wreckers, to make the weapons a necessity. I also placed in the stern sheets a sharp hatchet, as I had observed some dwarf bushes growing on the island near where I proposed to land, and I had always been possessed of a perfect mania for cutting and carving as a curiosity, any unknown wood I might fall in with in any part of the world.

When the boat's crew were piped away, I observed that all three of our outlaws were among them, and as only Bill Barstow belonged to the boat, I inquired of Jack and Thorpe why they were there?

"Tom Cobb and Dennis Grattan are sick, sir, and we thought you'd please let us go in their places," replied Jack, in a far more respectful manner than I had ever known him to manifest before.

"Very well—you; you can go in the boat," I replied, correctly giving a thought to what I said; and inside of five minutes our eight-oared boat was flashing through the water towards the island.

Our commander had advised that we should not visit the town, but land a mile or so below it, directly opposite the schooner, and there scatter about until the naturally prying propensities of the islanders should lead them out in our direction, when a communication might be established without the least danger to ourselves.

I accordingly landed on the beautifully smooth, hard coral beach, and ordering the men not to leave the boat on any account whatever, I laid hold of my hatchet, and strolling over the first sand ridge, I began hacking and hewing at the first shrubs I encountered, which were of a variety of wood I had never seen before.

I was so thoroughly interested in my new samples of timber, that for quite half an hour I thought little of anything else. Then I began to wonder why some of the islanders had not made their appearance, as certainly they must have observed our landing.

Finally it occurred to me that it might not be amiss to look after my boat and men. I did so, and found the boat readily enough—hauled up by the surf several feet on the hard sand beach, broad side to the water, and canted [illegible] on her bilge, with her keel towards the sea.

As for the men, they had all "made tracks." Wide apart the tracks were too. The wet sand bore evidence conclusive that every mother's son of them had gone off up the beach in the direction of the shanty metropolis at a loping run.

My first thought was to signalize the schooner and obtain assistance to recover my runaway crew. But the second was, "they'll laugh at me, and call me coward;" and then without any very definite idea of any kind, I set off up the beach at a rate of speed that if the land and my breath only held out, would soon bring me into Havana. As it was, my legs soon brought me to the city of Bimini, and singling out the biggest hut in sight, which I guessed must be the Executive mansion, I plunged headlong up the three or four rude steps, and right into the august presence of His Excellency, Governor Armstrong, one of the raggedest, greasiest, most villainous looking fellows I ever had the luck to run a foul of.

Governor Armstrong was surrounded by a score or so of his chief councellors, almost as filthy and ragged as himself, some fifteen Bimini beauties, and my sight runaway Nonpariels, and every soul of them, women and all, were guzzling raw rum, puffing black, filthy pipes, and having a jolly, uproarious jubilee generally. As soon as I had gathered breath sufficient to articulate, I addressed my boat's crew:

"Men, my orders were that you should remain by the boat. Having disobeyed them, my advice to you now is, that you set off at once, and run back just as fast as you have run hither."

There was no response. Not a soul moved.

"Very well, then; I shall hurry back to the boat myself, and signalize the schooner for assistance to take her off. You can all remain here, for all I care. Your desertion will be a gain to the Nonpariel, and the service in general."

Jack Smith dashed down the tin pot from which he had been swilling rum, and leaping up, he came striding towards me, flourishing his huge fists a la Hercules, and in a most brutal, bullying tone roared—

"Look a-here, mister; you ain't first luff of a cockle shell man-o'-war here. You're on British ground—I'm a Britisher; and by — I'll just take 'n lick'n from you!"

I realized in a moment that it was to be fight or ignominious flight; and as I had no idea of running away without a single effort to maintain the integrity of the bottom, I deemed it prudent to withdraw from a position in which I might so easily be pinned up and surrounded. I accordingly, without taking my eye from that of the ruffian, backed cautiously down the steps, and off from the hut to the distance of perhaps ten yards, closely followed by the menacing bully, and more remotely by the remainder of the boat's crew, and a majority of the wreckers.

The moment I backed finish but drew at me a tremendous blow, which I avoided, and in my turn gave him such a vigorous spat with the flat of my left hand, square across his mouth and nose, that he was knocked fairly upon the flat of his back, and partially stunned.

In a moment after Jack went down, Thorpe accepted his cause, his eyes flashing vengeance, his teeth gleaming together in hate anger, and his countenance ghastly with [illegible] gleaming in his uplifted hand.

From my earliest babyhood, I had been no-

[illegible] Jack Smith, staggered to his feet, foaming at the mouth, and literally yelling like a [illegible] and imprecations, was preparing to [illegible] upon me again with his fierce knife. Several of the wreckers had also drawn their weapons, and were making hostile demonstrations. Thorpe was gathering himself up, rowing with rage, like a mad bull; and I saw my quickly hope, unless it were in the five men of my boat's crew, whom I had always considered honest, reliable fellows.

A single glance towards the group assured me that they, too, were enemies; and on scrutinized faces one of them fixed in my heart a resolution as unflinching as steel, that I would rather be hewn to mince-meat by their murderous knives, than solicit one atom of mercy from the wretches.

"Finish into the bloody luff, Jack!" yelled one of the five; "kill him—and then hurrah for the schooner! We'll have her to-night, sure. Won't she make us a jolly little privateer to pick up Havana traders with?"

A general hurrah, was the response; and Jack Smith made a desperate lunge at me with his knife.

As I hope for salvation hereafter, I had no murderous intention, or thought of slaying the ruffian when he thus assailed me. I thought to defend myself without killing. Leaping aside and avoiding the fellow's thrust, as quick as thought, I gathered the hilt of the hatchet in my hand; my intention was to hit him with the weapon on the side of the head, and beat him to the earth.

It is probable that in my excitement I smote with my whole might, and hit wide of my intended aim; for the flat of the hatchet with the edge downward, fell upon his jawbone; the helve turned in my hand, and the keen blade sunk to the very eye, in his throat, severing cartilage, and sinews, wind-pipe, and jugular veins; the hot blood spouting in a gory jet into my face, and over my person. The hideous-looking wretch stood there before me for a brief space of time, his under-jaw fallen, tongue lolling out, his eyes glaring, and the horrible gash in his throat gaping wide—and then with a spasmodic shudder, Jack Smith the outlaw, plunged forward into the sand at my feet—dead.

I have no idea that I must have been mad, or very near it, just then; though every action, word and thought of my own, and every movement of those about me, is as clear and distinct in my memory to day, as anything that ever occurred within my sight or hearing.

Confronting the astonished and startled spectators of the terrible scene, and uttering a wild, defiant yell, I laid hold of the dead man by the waistband of his duck-trousers, and swinging him clear from the ground, as if he had been but the weight of a feather, I sprang away towards the beach, and actually carried the body at least two hundred yards, going upon the full run, and followed by the whole yelling pack of motley islanders, headed by Thorpe and English Bill, and all in full cry—yelling like devils incarnate—

"Kill him! kill him! Put your knives into him! Cut the bloody luff into fish bait!"

A very pleasant predicament to be in—don't you think so?

At first I had nearly a hundred yards the start of the yelling devils: but my carrying such weight was a fatal thing to my speed; and it was only when they were almost upon me that I happened to think the carrying off thus of a dead man the shrewest folly in the world; and I accordingly dropped the corpse at the very instant that Thorpe, who was now within two strides of me, raised his hand to plunge a knife, which he had snatched from one of the wreckers, into my back.

The assassin stumbled over the corpse, and plunged headlong forward, pitching his weapon past me ten yards or so. I caught it up by the point of the blade, and turning instantly, hurled it with all my might at my pursuer. It was a heavy Spanish blade, full fourteen inches in length, and striking Thorpe, point foremost, exactly over the heart, was driven home to the very haft in his broad chest. With a horrid yell of mortal agony the ruffian leaped high into the air, and went down grovelling in his terrible death throes.

Again there was a brief respite for me as the human wolves, half paralyzed, halted for a few moments over the body of my second sacrifice. But soon they came on again, yelling more hideously than ever; while English Bill and a dozen of the most fleet of foot among the islanders, had taken to the sand ridge back from the beach, with the intention of heading me off from the boat by a short cut across a little promontory that intervened between myself and the landing.

I had distanced all those who were pursuing me direct, and began to breathe with hope again, when on rounding the point of the projecting promontory, a hundred yards from the boat, I saw Barstow fifty yards in advance of all his party, and full thirty nearer the boat than I was. If by any means the fellow should so appreciate of those revolvers being in the locker of the boat, and he should reach her first, I had passed my last watch, and written my last log.

Great God! The miscreant *did* know of the revolvers being in the locker, or guessed it from the circumstance of my not using any during the running fight. And the wretch would secure them, for when he gained the boat I was still twenty yards distant.

Plunging into the stern sheets Bill drove in the locker door with his foot, snatched out the revolvers, and had just succeeded in drawing them from the leathern cases when I grappled him.

The struggle was brief and terrible—for it was life to the victor—death to the defeated. I had grasped the fellow by the wrists, while he clutched the weapons by the butts. By a superhuman effort I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Singular Presumption.

A FACT.

For away, far away, where the bright angels are playing,
And the sweet voices of heaven are singing;
Rich music falls on the ear ever staying,
By the gold, sunlit streets ever ringing.
Harps and children are there,
Bend the white and round in rapture,
And the dear voices, angel-like,
And the sweet strains, ever blending,
Rend the air, but never break silence.
Day and night still alternate, never
Leaving their course, never ceasing.
Passing from the lovely shores
Of love, all space transcending;
Dear and sacred homes are nestling,
Voices sweet for us entreating,
Many a note of blending melting—
Mighty blessings, following o'er,
Guard us to that other shore,
Far, far away.

Moonlight on the waters sleeping!
Sun, in golden glory sweeping!
Stars, your watch above us keeping!
Waves about us rolling, leaping!
While these lovely sensations keeping,
Light us, roll us, lead us o'er
To that other unknown shore,
Far, far away.

REWARDED AT LAST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY LAURA LAIR.

"Twenty-two, alone, friendless, and poor."

Pitilessly fell the rain-drops on the brown, decaying leaves; mournfully came the low sighing of the wind through the naked branches of the trees, as the night was closing in on a wet and dismal day in autumn.

"Twenty-two, alone, friendless, and poor!" Echo answered the voice which came bitterly from the compressed lips of a lady who stood leaning drearily against the window-frame in the deep gloom; no light, no fire, no bright eyes, or sweet voice to call back the restless, weary spirit which peered hungrily out through the dark eyes into the darker night.

"I am thoroughly tired. My life is all a blank. Oh, God, why is it that this restless, longing heart, should be so cramped and fettered by circumstances? Why is it that with all these aspirations and longings for a pure and noble life, I am unable to make one human being happier with my presence—unable to cause one heart to thrill, or one eye to beam with gladness at my approach?

"I would fain lie down to-night under the sunshine of the old elms yonder; and if the spirits of the departed are permitted to visit again the haunts of earth, it would be a delightful pastime to flutter above in the day dream thinking over the still truest beneath. Oh, I have prayed for love, for wealth, for fame; but, my Father, I only ask Thee, to-night, for rest, sweet, peaceful, dreamless rest."

"Mrs. Marston requires the presence of Miss Lester in the drawing-room."

The words aroused Miss Lester from her dreams, called back her wandering thoughts to the stern reality of the present.

"Miss Lester will comply with Mrs. Marston's request immediately. You need not bring lights, Sara; I will go there as I am."

The door closed, and Luna Lester endeavored to force back the wild light from her eye, and smooth the troubled expression of her face to its usual composure; and a moment afterwards, she entered the drawing-room gracefully, yet quietly; and at Mrs. Marston's request, cheerfully endeavored to entertain the company with music.

This was a request which she did not dislike. Her fingers were at home on the white keys, and she loved to accompany the sweet notes with her clear, rich tones.

She sang with her whole soul, not merely to please her auditors, but it relieved her heart to pour itself out in song.

A stranger was present she observed; she was introduced to him, but did not heed the name, knowing that she was sent for merely to amuse them; she allowed him to lead her to the piano, without paying any attention to him, scarcely glancing at his features,

She played a few fashionable airs, then striking the keys with a firmer hand, she poured out her soul in her favorite song, "No One to Love."

It spoke with thrilling, passionate eloquence of the young heart starving for sympathy and affection—of the saddened past, and despair of the future.

She was unconscious of the feeling she was exhibiting—unconscious of the presence of any one; she only realized that she was weary and sad; her own voice had become the fountain, and the great tears rushed over her cheeks, sprinkling the slender, white hands like dew.

The low, kind tones of the stranger recalled her.

"Allow me to thank you, Miss Lester, you look weary. I fear that we have over-taxed your strength; do not exert yourself further, pray."

Bowing confusedly, she excused herself from the company, and withdrew.

Luna Lester was alone, an orphan, friendless, and poor. When ten years of age she had been left to the tender mercies of the world, by the death of her mother, who had been for some years a widow. After the death of her sister, Mrs. Williams, though in indigent circumstances, took the charge of her orphan niece, and she had shared in common with her cousins the comforts of an humble home and a respectable education.

Child though she was, it was very humiliating to Luna to become an object of charity, even though her benefactor was the fondly-loved sister of her mother. The proud spirit was humbled when she thought that the clothes she wore, the bread she ate, and the education she was receiving, was earned for her by others.

She was impatient, and impatient of restraint even from those she loved best; but she was also ambitious and diligent in her studies, outstripping all competitors at school, aside from pursuing faithfully her duties at home.

Her determination was to become independent, to become capable of earning a support for herself, besides repaying in part the trouble and expense which she had evidently been to her relatives.

At fifteen she determined to be a teacher; by longer fitting her for the profession she could have more time to devote to her pupils, and could command a better salary. Two years more which I must wish either the wisdom and experience of a few more years should be yours are you, bright child here. Yet I would not discourage you. I know that you are ambitious, and will overcome the obstacles which may arise. Therefore I will cheerfully recommend you, and assist you in obtaining a situation; and whenever you may need a friend, remember there is none who would more cheerfully and willingly lend you his assistance."

Luna was very grateful for the kind advice and sympathy of her teacher, but her heart was too full to speak, and the great tears which rolled over her cheeks was the only answer she made; yet this was an eloquent one.

The hand of the venerable teacher fell affectionately upon the bright young head, and a fervent prayer rose up from his heart, that the young feet might have a guide; and that early she might learn to trust in One who would never leave nor forsake her.

The last day of school came, and Luna felt that her school-days were over, at least for many years, until she herself could earn a competency to complete her education. But her life was in the morning, and the shadow of the weary years which loomed up before her, could not darken her young and hopeful spirit.

When the exercises of the day were at last over, and the time for parting came, she was in grief as deeply as the rest. In this, as in every other school, friends had met who formed attachments, that time nor space could loosen their love.

Alas, so soon the change comes, in most cases, that all thoughts with the sight of them are gone.

"I have good news for you, Luna," said her teacher friend, some weeks afterwards. "I have obtained a situation for you, as an assistant in the Seminary at L———. The salary is good, and I think you will have a pleasant home. And now let me give you a little advice, my child. Study the disposition of each pupil carefully and patiently; remember that the games are important, which have been given into your hands for cultivating a sweet, calm, or a tame, often human soul a lifetime. And an impression received under peculiar circumstances, sometimes can never be eradicated, although the mind may become convinced of its error; therefore, my child, be wise, patient, and diligent, in guiding your pupils, as you have been with yourself."

The next two weeks spent at home. When her thoughts wandered out into the future, she could not help a little shrinking at times, from the thought that she was going out to learn the world alone. Yet even the difficulties which presented themselves to her mind seemed to add new strength to her purpose.

It was on a beautiful day in early spring, that she bade good-bye to her home and friends, and not without many pangs of real sorrow.

In her heart she had prayed earnestly for strength to battle with her destiny.

Sitting in the little parlor for the last time, she was musing soberly upon her future. The dew-drops still hung heavy on the grass, and the birds were trilling their morning songs round the open casement.

"I wonder if I shall be missed by any one when I am gone? Aunt and Cousin Lucy will not miss me, I think. Lucy will be glad that she no longer has to divide the nice things which she gets with me, and aunt will think that I am better off, because I am earning my own support. Ah! well, they have been kind to me, and I will repay them some day."

"Tousin Feddie dot a posey for oo!" And a little black-eyed two-year-old cousin came pattering across the floor, and laid in her lap the first wild violet.

Its rich, purple leaves had been crushed by the chubby little hands, fearing that he might lose his treasure in carrying it by the stem.

What a trifle sometimes touches our hearts, calls forth a flood of tenderness both new and strange to ourselves!

Luna knew that she had loved her baby-cousin very dearly; but the fragrant little offering presented by innocent baby hands opened her heart to the giver, and she took him in to share without a rival the ardent, passionate love of her nature.

Snatching him up, she pressed him to her heart, kissing the sweet lips with almost frenzied earnestness.

"Yes, little Fred, I will repay them the trouble I have been, and you shall be the recipient. If your cousin can win fame, honor, and wealth, you shall share it all, my little darling."

"I will make a noble man of you. You may be an orator, perhaps; the world shall know you, and I shall be so proud—*so proud* to know that it was I who did it. I, who, by earnest and persevering labor, brought out a noble soul to dispense light and wisdom to thousands. I have something to work for now, and I shall be brave. God bless you, my sweet darling."

The baby eyes were opened wide with wonder—dark, dreamy, and trustful in childish innocence. Showers of golden, silken locks fell in tiny ringlets with each motion of the restless little head, and the tiny lips, like coral threads, were parted half in mirth and half in wonder.

Once more his passionate, impulsive cousin folded him to her heart, calling him her pride, her darling, her sunbeam.

And little Fred, unlike his juvenile brethren and sisters in common, did not cry, but, like a startled bird, nestled shrinkingly in her arms, seemingly awed by her wild vehemence.

The village of L———— was delightfully situated, its surroundings picturesque and beautiful. Two small white dwellings near the centre, flanked on either side with the academy and the church, and the dwelling of the minister, lay directly in the meridian sun, and the shadows of the small clapboard houses on the opposite side of the street.

It was a lovely spot, and every pulse that beat when its charms struck the senses, throbbed involuntarily and wildly. The quiet seclusion, the peaceful repose, and the deep, heavy shadows of the trees, seemed to invite the weary heart to peace and rest.

A large garden, with shaded bowers, well tended, and fruitful, nearly hemmed the little cozy house in front and rear.

In front of the playground on the village common, the pure white monuments gleaming through the dark evergreens and trees, the east and south were bleak wood and the bold relief against the sky, and upon these rose almost the palpable outlines of many of the most wealthy inhabitants. Altogether, it was just the spot to foster genius, and nourish therein the good and noblest in nature.

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When the first desolating grief was past, Luna resumed her duties as usual, but with a chastened and wiser heart. She had learned how uncertain hopes founded upon worldly objects are; her heart had purged itself of some of its proud ambition, had grown gentler and tenderer toward all humanity, more thoughtful and charitable toward the erring and oppressed.

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Two small white tombstones near the church, and the dwelling of the minister, lay directly in the meridian sun, and the shadows of the small clapboard houses on the opposite side of the street.

It was a lovely spot, and every pulse that beat when its charms struck the senses, throbbed involuntarily and wildly. The quiet seclusion, the peaceful repose, and the deep, heavy shadows of the trees, seemed to invite the weary heart to peace and rest.

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THE PORTRAIT.

Could they from evidence, see where
Lies the cause of the sweet glory,
Which, like the sun, at noon shone clear,
Is fading in the west so dreary.
Is it that the light has passed
Out of the eyes, and vanished
Is it that the lips, that parted
Are closed, and the cheek has blanched
Is it that the hand, that graced
Is cold, and the heart, that beat
Is still, and the form, that moved
Is lifeless, and the feet
Is it that the voice, that sweet
Is hushed, and the ear, that heard
Is deaf, and the mind, that thought
Is dead, and the soul, that stirred
Is fled, and the life, that lived
Is gone, and the love, that burned
Is cold, and the hope, that cheered
Is dead, and the faith, that blessed
Is lost, and the joy, that thrilled
Is hushed, and the grief, that crushed
Is stilled, and the pain, that racked
Is ended, and the sorrow, that saddened
Is fled, and the tears, that fell
Are dried, and the sighs, that heaved
Are hushed, and the sobs, that shook
Are still, and the groans, that rent
Are silenced, and the cries, that pierced
Are mute, and the prayers, that rose
Are heard, and the vows, that bound
Are broken, and the hearts, that loved
Are parted, and the souls, that met
Are sundered, and the lives, that blended
Are severed, and the paths, that joined
Are divided, and the ways, that led
Are lost, and the steps, that followed
Are stayed, and the feet, that trod
Are weary, and the hands, that worked
Are idle, and the brain, that planned
Is tired, and the thoughts, that flowed
Are dried, and the words, that poured
Are hushed, and the songs, that sung
Are ended, and the notes, that rang
Are silenced, and the echoes, that answered
Are dumb, and the memories, that lingered
Are dead, and the dreams, that haunted
Are vanished, and the visions, that beckoned
Are faded, and the hopes, that lured
Are blighted, and the fears, that chilled
Are realized, and the doubts, that tortured
Are solved, and the questions, that puzzled
Are answered, and the mysteries, that baffled
Are explained, and the secrets, that hidden
Are revealed, and the truths, that sought
Are found, and the knowledge, that desired
Is attained, and the wisdom, that longed for
Is gained, and the goal, that aimed at
Is reached, and the end, that striven for
Is accomplished, and the work, that begun
Is finished, and the race, that run
Is won, and the crown, that worn
Is laid down, and the rest, that sought
Is found, and the peace, that prayed for
Is granted, and the heaven, that hoped for
Is entered, and the home, that longed for
Is gained, and the life, that lived
Is ended, and the death, that died
Is over, and the grave, that dug
Is filled, and the tomb, that built
Is closed, and the stone, that placed
Is sealed, and the name, that carved
Is forgotten, and the memory, that cherished
Is lost, and the love, that remembered
Is dead, and the heart, that mourned
Is broken, and the soul, that grieved
Is comforted, and the spirit, that sorrowed
Is healed, and the wound, that bled
Is bound, and the pain, that suffered
Is relieved, and the anguish, that tortured
Is soothed, and the agony, that wrung
Is calmed, and the despair, that overwhelmed
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"Oh, Elmer, you have come back to me at last!"

"Have you ever doubted me, darling? The years have been long, I know; but you have never must have told you that I loved you still. I was laboring earnestly for you, I have failed in many of the bright projects of my youthful dreams; but I have never failed to remember the prize which I was striving for, although I have been cruel enough to ask your pure love by a long and painful silence. Forgive me, darling, I have carried a resolution to a resolution at last; and when you are my own I shall ask no more."

The weary head rested for a few moments upon his bosom, and when it was lifted a new light shone from her beautiful eyes.

"Oh, Elmer, we shall be so happy. I have learned many lessons during these long, lonely years; but I am thankful for them now. They have taught me to prize you; taught me how cold the world is at the foundation and pure. We will not only live for our mutual love, but to do good to others also, to lend back to the path of right those who may err, and extend a loving hand to the friendless and lorn."

"Yes, dear one, experience has been necessary to us both, but by our mistakes of fate, and from the fullness of our own hearts we will endeavor to lighten the burden of others."

There was much wondering and dissatisfaction among the fashionables, when, a few weeks later, the popular and courted lawyer Stanton took into his heart and home a wife—pure, noble-hearted, but simple and unaffected in her true womanhood. Their vision was dimmed by the world's false glare, and all the loveliness, all the lofty grandeur of true worth was lost to their selfish, blinded sight.

But two hearts were happy; were united by holier ties than earth can sever. A perfected life was theirs, crowned with love and noble aspirations, beneath whose pure light all selfish and worldly ambition dissolves into sympathy, humanity and purity of heart which neither time nor eternity can sully or dim.

The Conventionalities of Pronunciation.

What shall we say of the conventionalities of pronunciation, and the mysterious caprice which regulates the value of our British vowels and consonants? In the primers and horn-books of infant life, D, O, G, has spelt dog from time immemorial. But dandies of the Restoration called that intelligent little quadruped a *dawg*, and the dandies of our own day called it a *dawg*. Much commiseration has been felt for the "poor letter H," and the neglect with which it has been treated in cockney dialect. But the R is worse off, for its use is being gradually abandoned in those quarters where the purity of the Queen's English is supposed to be most scrupulously preserved. As an initial, it was once the fashion to pronounce it as a W; and indeed it was only the other day that I heard a man speaking of some ridiculous ewwor which had swept into a celebrated dwama, and remained long there after it had been witten, wead, wepeated and wehearsed. This was an affectation which came in with Lytton Bulwer, and departed with Thackeray. There are few even of our youngest exquisites, who venture to speak in such accents now. But the R is, nevertheless, slurred over and even omitted by many, who would scout the idea of imitating a natural defect of speech. What has become, for instance, of the final consonant in the word "father." In west country dialect it is still preserved, but in polite circles it is still pronounced *fathe*; never, *nevah*, and-so-forth. Half a century ago, the letter A was similarly used. Old gentlemen still exist who speak of St. James's street, and the Palestineta. E and I changed their places. "Arithmetic" was called *arethmetic*, and "messenger" became *misenger*. To this day, Lord Russell declares that he is *obleeged*, and it is a curious proof how extremes meet, that the same expression is adopted by the humblest laborer in Devonshire. The truth is, that, when the word was originally borrowed from the French, every one called it "obleeged;" and this provincialism, like many others of the same class, is nothing more than the old-fashioned talk of our forefathers. That our pronunciation not only of English, but of foreign languages, has materially altered with this generation, there can be little doubt.—*London Society*.

FAIRS.—A state fair is a queen; an agricultural fair is a farmer's daughter; a church fair is a parson's wife; an editor's fair is the best-looking girl he can get hold of; a charity fair is a female pauper; and the most unpopular fair in the universe is lodging-house *fare*.

Men do not live as long as they did in the old time. The men of this age are very fast, and a fast man soon gets out of breath.

THE PORTRAIT.

[illegible] a head, and was pronounced the [illegible] picture in the room. At first I took it for a sketch, but looking closer, I saw that the [illegible] were finished with the most delicate touches of fine pencilling, and that the whole picture, though [illegible] only, was full of harmony and expression. The [illegible] was that, in drawing the portrait of a [illegible] lady, the painter had not attempted to give her any [illegible] beauty, but had contented himself with copying faithfully what he saw before him. The [illegible] of her face, the beauty of her lips as her words [illegible], the [illegible] of her eyes, the [illegible] of her cheek, the graceful lines of her figure, [illegible] with every movement, into new and [illegible] combinations, constituted his [illegible] an ideal of female loveliness. She was the original of the portrait, but there was much as well as beauty in the sketch, and [illegible] and animation in the open, [illegible] of that deep and decided coldness which settled the spectator so vividly in those of the picture.

For a few moments Listowel was completely bewildered. But he was not a man to lose his self-possession for long. Habitually cold and cautious, he looked again and again to make sure that his first glance had not deceived him. He scrutinized carefully and critically the peculiar points of her national beauty, constantly returning, at the same time, to the ladies of the English and French courts most celebrated for their charms, and the more he gazed, the more he found to admire. "I will wait a little while," thought he, "for an opportunity of addressing her, and if none should occur, I must make one." For be it known that Listowel was not one of those lovers who are satisfied with worshipping their divinities at a distance, nor had it ever been his habit to let his admiration remain long unknown to its object. An opportunity, however, did occur, and that shortly.

The combat was progressing vigorously; the bull made a succession of splendid rushes, and the interest of the spectators was excited in a corresponding degree, when suddenly a thrill of horror appeared to seize the vast multitude, causing it to surge to and fro in wild and uncontrollable excitement. The sparkling countenance of the fair girl whose variations Sir Edward had been admiringly watching became blanched with terror, as she fell back in her seat, and covered her face with her hands. He looked up, and sprang to the edge of the gallery to ascertain the cause of the sudden excitement. The bull had cleared with a bound the palisade between the arena and the humbler portion of the spectators, who fled in all directions. But promptly to the rescue came a matadore. One moment his long knife gleamed in the air—the next, the huge animal staggered and dropped at his feet. Loud "vivas" rent the air; the crowd, more frightened than hurt, gathered round the foam-covered carcase, and Listowel, as he returned to his seat, addressed the young lady in a few appropriate words, begging her to calm her agitation, as the danger was over and no one injured. She withdrew her hands from her eyes, and raising them to the young Englishman, whom she had observed springing forward at the first alarm, answered:

"Are you certain, sir? I thought I saw the terrible animal trampling down all before him."

Fair lady, the sport is over, so far as that bull is concerned, and before he could do any mischief he was despatched by one of the matadores."

The conversation once begun, Listowel took good care not to suffer it to languish. He spoke Spanish fluently. His accent, it is true, was unmistakeably English, but that very circumstance, indicating that he was attached to the prince's suite, was, as he knew full well, more likely to advance his suit with any lady in Madrid than if he had been a grandee of the first class. He did not yet know Olivia de la Pena, or he would have felt how little impression things of that sort made on her mind. Donna Olivia was most curious about England and the English, their manners, and modes of thought.

"And they are all heretics?" she asked, crossing herself.

"By far the greater part," answered Sir Edward; "but," he added, for he did not relish the tone in which she had spoken, "those distinctions are things of the past. Religious animosities are forgotten, and our prince is now come over, like some knight of old, to woo the king's sister, whilst the Pope himself is about to sanction their union."

"But still he is a heretic," persisted Donna Olivia, rather giving utterance to her own thoughts than addressing her companion.

"Sits the wind in that quarter," thought Listowel, "it is hard, but I can trim my sails to meet it. He has been educated in the reformed faith," he replied, "but one of the distinctive features of our doctrines is, that they sanction, and even encourage, inquiry. Our religion is instilled into us in youth, but if the judgment of maturer years rejects it, we never hesitate to recant our errors."

"Oh, indeed!" exclaimed Olivia; and her cheek kindled, and her eyes flashed, as she turned them upon her companion with an eager, searching look.

Listowel avoided the glance, but he felt it, and thoroughly read its expression.

It was little more than a month after the scene at the bull-fight, that the light of the waning moon, as it streamed through the trellised entrance of a grotto in the palace-garden of Don Felix de la Pena, discovered a lady and a cavalier. The gentleman was speaking in low and earnest tones. The lady eagerly listened.

"Remember, Olivia," he said, "all that has happened since we met. Through you I have abandoned the faith of my ancestors, and now you would have me set in direct hostility to my Prince. Bitterly opposed as your father is known to be to this marriage, how can one of the Prince's suite demand your hand? No, my love," he continued, softening his voice as he spoke, "our union must be secret. A few months passed, and these negotiations terminated, I can call you mine in the face of the world, and carry you to England, where you will reign the queen of beauty in the Court, and the mistress of my home and happiness."

"Then why not wait till then?" said Olivia, in a low and faltering voice, as if she already anticipated the reply.

"Trifle not with me, dearest," answered he; "you know that in three days I leave Spain with despatches for the King. The Prince has chosen me to carry them to England, and I cannot explain to him the real cause of my reluctance. I must go; and how can I go without pausing a moment to bid you farewell? How can we tell what unnatural power your father may adopt to hasten you in marriage to the husband he has chosen for you?"

"And do you doubt my truth?" said Olivia, raising her eyes to his with a look that would have entranced she said all doubts. But Listowel did not doubt. He had learned to know that whatever she was loved, and the esteem of Spain on the other, would never have engaged Olivia to break her plighted faith. Her manner on this point was not his object.

"Doubt me, dearest? no!" he answered. "But strange things are done in this country. Fathers have unlimited power, and sometimes but few scruples how they use it. Dearest, you must be mine before I leave Madrid. If not, I cannot go in quest—I cannot do it all. You," he passionately exclaimed, "I will let slip every thing,—duty, friends, prospects,—rather than leave you, unless you are irrevocably mine."

Never since woman bore, and Olivia had never been the Edward Listowel. He was now master of his whole mind; they had met daily. The hopes he had held out of his conversion served this double purpose of a pretext for those frequent interviews, and a veil that prevented Olivia from discovering, until too late, the real state of her feelings. Long before she had gained, as she devoutly hoped, a soul for heaven, her fate was sealed. She loved with a fondness of feeling, an overflowing tenderness, such as only a soul like hers could feel. And if the time that had sufficed to effect all this was short, remember, gentle reader, that time must not be reckoned by numerals only. The events of a day not unfrequently change the current of a lifetime; and the feelings of years are sometimes compressed into one hour's intense sensation. Well for you if you have never known the truth of this!

The work of proselytism now went forward rapidly, and her full confession of irrepressible love was made, as she fondly believed, to a Roman Catholic. Still there were many obstacles to surmount, and, but for that mission to England, she might have lived to look back upon these moonlight interviews as a romantic episode of her girlish days. But her lover's arguments were not altogether groundless, her faith in him was implicit, her father was stern and unapproachable, and the flowers had bloomed many times over the grave of the mother who might have saved her.

They were privately married. Two days afterwards Listowel informed his bride that the journey to England was indefinitely postponed. Even the callous heart of this follower of Buckingham was touched by the delirious joy with which she welcomed his words, and a sharp though transient pang of unavailing remorse made him almost shrink from her fond embrace.

About this time the portrait was begun. Velasquez did not know who the lady was who came secretly to sit to him, and satisfied with having to paint one of the loveliest faces that artist ever transferred to canvas, did not inquire. "It is only a head," soliloquised the great master, "but it is worthy of immortality, and it shall be the finest creation that ever passed from my pencil.

"What a radiant creature!" he exclaimed, as he stood gazing on his unfinished work one day towards the hour he expected her visit. "What a noble brow! What a glorious spirit lighting up the whole countenance! What life and brilliancy in those eyes! This must be love—and a love smiled upon by Fortune."

"The expression of the eyes was less bright to-day," thought the painter, as he contemplated the progress of the picture after the sitter was gone. "I did not much perceive it at the time, but I copied closely the expression that was there, and certainly the countenance is a little clouded. It may have been my fault: perhaps it was my eyes that were dim. At all events I will be very careful next time."

Painstaking and careful indeed he was; but the change was now beyond a doubt. It was perceptible as she sat, and still more so in the portrait.

"The character of this piece is altering visibly," thought the artist. "At one time I thought it would have been the most radiant creature my art has ever embodied; but it will not be so now. It is beautiful still, perhaps more beautiful than ever, but the expression is saddened and subdued."

And thus it was, through faithfully copying the eyes of Donna Olivia, that those of the portrait grew sadder and sadder day by day, until they wore that look of mournful desolation so conspicuous in them still. Here was the bitterest grief of all, more bitter than the grief of the bride who has lost her love while her faith was still whole in him—in him who has passed away in the flush and the hope of youth, like an air but just begun, the chords ceasing to vibrate while their tone was sweetest. She was beginning to doubt her husband's truth and love.

Soon after their marriage he began to tire of the perpetual hypocrisy necessary to sustain her belief in his conversion. The first moment that a doubt of this crossed her mind was perhaps the bitterest in her life. It is difficult for us to realise the exclusive spirit of Roman Catholicism, and the odium associated with the very name of heretic in the breast of a Spaniard, and above all, a Spanish lady—of that age. In Olivia's case, religion had been the only object her feelings had fed upon, until she had seen Listowel. Even the love now paramount in her heart had been entwined with religious thoughts and anxieties, and reached its climax with her lover's conversion. The revulsion of feeling was terrible, and to add to her misery she could hardly resist the conviction that he had played the hypocrite. "But no," she repeated, "he is too noble and too true to have acted thus. He *thought* he believed. He was blinded by his love for me!"

Whatever that love might have been, it soon became too apparent that it no longer exercised such an all-potent influence. He became irritable and impatient whenever she urged the subject of religion, and in his heat would sometimes say things that stabbed her to the heart. The Prince's visit was drawing to a close, and Listowel began to talk of returning with him, and to urge the necessity of deferring the announcement of their marriage for some months. Strange to say, although Donna Olivia keenly felt the insult, she did not resent it. Her once proud spirit was crushed and broken. She had staked all upon a cast, and heart, hope, and energy were lost together.

Still she could scarcely believe that her husband no longer loved her. "When I recall what he has said on this very spot, it is impossible. I have become depressed and anxious about his conversion, and so look at things in a gloomy light. Not love me! It is impossible he should not. I will insist on a full understanding with him this night about this English voyage. If I do not go with him I shall never live to see him again."

There was a pale [illegible] in with [illegible] that hour beneath the clustering vine, a path [illegible] two of gentle whispered love [illegible] sparkled and played in the moonlight, danced [illegible] Olivia's raptured, silent ecstasy. She had [illegible] to shed tears to her husband's name of [illegible] and when overwhelmed by his heart [illegible] by his caresses, clothed the [illegible] to assume the looks and tones of happier times, hoping against hope, striving in the excitement of the [illegible] to obliterate the present. But was [illegible] for this there, among all his [illegible] and delights and [illegible] that [illegible] Olivia, would she not have [illegible] to be with you. How can I bear this [illegible] when even now prays upon me so heavily, when you are gone? Do you think I could live?"

"It is wild and wicked, Olivia," returned he, "to talk thus of the effects of a few months' separation. It is absolutely necessary that I should return alone to England, but you can follow me ere long."

"A few months! I shall never live to see those months in Spain, Edward. Can it be true—is it possible that you are willing to leave me, that you will?? Oh, my husband!" she exclaimed, fondly clinging to him, "say that you will take me with you!"

Listowel's reply, as he shrank from her embrace, was couched in the coldest terms. So true is it that when love has passed away, the endearments that once thrilled through the very soul become absolutely repugnant. Olivia felt the gesture even more than the words it accompanied. All the slumbering pride of the heart so lately trampled upon burst forth into life and vigor. The impulse was transitory, but it impassioned her whole being for the moment, and starting to her feet, she exclaimed—

"Then hear, me, sir, I *will* go with you. If you are so lost to all sense of honor and humanity, I will appeal to the Prince of Wales. He shall hear my story. He will tell me whether the wife of—"

"He will tell you, madam," interrupted Listowel, compressing his fury at this threat into a sneer a devil might have envied, "he will tell you that you are not my wife! He will tell you that I am already married!"

For a few seconds Olivia stood speechless and motionless. Then came the terrible, despairing scream of human agony that passes human endurance, and she fell headlong to the earth. It was the last sound that ever passed her lips.

☞ In these nights, the following remark, which a distinguished divine recently made, may be in season: "I don't mind so much," said he, "about the mosquitoes biting me, if they would not always say grace before meat."

☞ A Toast.—"The Press: It ex-presses truth, re-presses error, im-presses knowledge, de-presses tyranny, and op-presses none."

☞ New York drinks six hundred barrels of whiskey a day.

☞ The Oyster.—Open an oyster, retain the liquor in the lower or deep shell, and, if viewed through a microscope, it will be found to contain multitudes of small oysters, covered with shell, and swimming nimbly about—one hundred and twenty of which extend but one inch. Besides these young oysters, the liquor contains a variety of animalcules and myriads of three distinct species of worms. Sometimes their light resembles a bluish star about the centre of the shell, which will be beautifully luminous in a dark room.

☞ Non-Explosive Powder.—It is reported that an English chemist named Gale has discovered a method of making gunpowder non-explosive. The process is said to be simple and effective, the cost trifling, and the powder is not injured. In five minutes a barrel of powder can be made non-explosive, and in the same time its explosive properties can be restored.

☞ Some chiefs of Canadian Indians, a few days ago, saw a sewing-machine in operation for the first time. One old chief, with a lamp, watched the motion beneath the table, and the rest kept their eyes fixed upon it above, to see that there were no "white flies" about it. They then compared notes, threw themselves on the floor and rolled about laughing and crying out, in Indian, the "Sewing Spirit." They had no idea that it was the spirit of man's intelligence which put it in such successful motion.

☞ The Paris correspondent of an English paper tells the following six-horse story:—"A rich foreign parvenu, a few days back paraded in the Champs Elysees in a carriage drawn by six horses. Greatly to his astonishment, he was waited on shortly after his return home by a high functionary of the police, who told him that in France no one was allowed to use six horses except the Sovereign. He complained that he could not have as many animals in his carriage as he pleased; but he was informed that if he again presented himself with six horses, the animals and the carriage would be seized, and he himself would be arrested. I am not sure that there is a positive law in France restricting the use of six horses to the King or Emperor; but such is undoubtedly the established usage, and as such the police make it respected. Some years back a foolish English man got into a scrape by violating it.

☞ Rather keen and suggestive was a repartee made the other evening by a little fellow in a Pittsfield (Mass.,) barber shop. A gentleman of standing, and an owner in one of the factories, came in, and, impatient at being delayed while two boys had their hair cut, remarked that "little boys ought to get their hair cut in the day time, and go to bed in the evening." "Yes," replied one of the juveniles; "but little boys who get up in the morning at 5 o'clock and work in the mill till 7 at night, never get their hair cut when they can."

☞ The trade is dead with a stand, but the theatre is a temple with a thousand spectators.

Singular Superstitions.

It is no new thing to find that wise men have been known to be actuated by the most ludicrous notions, and during the middle ages, when the ecclesiastics were the only depositaries of learning, connected as it was with the black art, many of the most singular superstitions were prevalent. Even children, during Passion Week, were not allowed to play with beetles, supposed to be the souls in which they were exhibited. Their parents, as in consequence in France, were accustomed, when they ordered to chastise their children, to say, "Strike me, and not them." Many of these and other superstitions made the following circumstance unsurprising. Two children are twins, and, strange to say, whatever one does the other does also; they have the same tastes, the same habits, the exact thoughts, good or bad, which are not visible, but when one was very ill at home, the other fellow-boy, then at school, knowing we have kept them short up to dietary like stirrup to keep them from running about the streets and getting into mischief. My husband had decided on sending them to sea, for we had found out that they had robbed us of some small coins which happened to be left about, but we had no idea that they had committed thefts out of doors. We sent them to the national schools, but we knew how they have not been there for several months; a boy named Perkins corrupted one of them, and the other followed, as a matter course." "You say," said the magistrate, "that your children are twins, and have the same character and the same tastes?" "Yes, sir; and there is a singular resemblance in their actions, thoughts, and habits. Thus when one drinks, the other, who may be in another room, drinks also. Under the same conditions, if one puts a finger in his mouth, the other does likewise. If at any time one should happen to run away from his home, there is no difficulty in finding them, for their father has only to take hold of the other, and he will lead him direct to the place where the runaway may then chance to be."

Getting Married.

A rather laughable transaction took place a week or more ago in the town of De Witt, Clinton county, Michigan, in which love and business are so intermixed that it requires an adept to distinguish between the two. A milk pedlar called at a house to sell a cake. The woman informed him that she was a widow, and would much rather have a man. The pedlar informed her that if she would take a cake he would send her a man. She took it, and the pedlar went on his way rejoicing; and soon met a man, who he ascertained had an unseen companion, and directed him to the widow. Going on, he called at a house to sell a cake, and was informed that the man was a widower, and would prefer a wife. He told him if he would take a cake, he would direct him where he could get a woman. He took the cake, and the pedlar directed him to the same widow. When he reached her, he was about an hour too late, the first having just secured the prize. The kind-hearted woman, however, sent him to a second widow, whom he secured; and both loving couples were married that afternoon.

A Determined Boy.—The *Courrier de l'Isere* relates the following extraordinary instance of determination which occurred a short time since at Miribel Lanchatre, in that department. A boy, twelve years of age, named Durand, having climbed a tree to take a bird's nest built in a hole in the trunk, had just inserted his hand to reach it, when the branch on which he stood broke, and, being unable to withdraw his hand, he remained suspended by it. In this position, seeing no help near, he drew a pruning-knife from his pocket and cut off his hand at the wrist. Having fallen at the foot of the tree without further injury, he walked home, whence, after a first dressing had been applied, he was conveyed to the hospital at Grenoble.

To Prevent Mosquitoes from Biting.—At this season, when mosquitoes are so troublesome, a simple receipt to prevent their "presenting their bills," may be acceptable.

Take a few pounds of rosin, a little pitch, a little glue, and a little lard, and "bile 'em;" stir and boil it until it is about as thick as "grave jelly," then apply while hot to the entire surface of the body; the mosquitoes will then fly on to you and stick, and you can have a pen knife in your right hand, and cut their heads off at leisure.

Another. Boil the composition longer, then make it thicker, then spread it on (hot as before,) and it will cool so hard that the mosquitoes can't bite through it.

Escaping from a Dilemma.—An M. P., who owned extensive estates, and possessed considerable personal celebrity, was spending a few days at the residence of a noble family. There were several interesting and accomplished young ladies in the family, to whom the honorable member, as in duty bound, showed every attention. Just as he was about to take leave, the nobleman's wife proceeded to consult him in a matter which, she alleged, was causing her no little distress. "It is reported," said the countess, "that you are to marry my daughter L——, and what shall we do?—what shall we say about it?" "Oh!" quietly responded the considerate M. P. "Just say she refused me!"

A Dog Story.—Jerry Carrington was one evening retailing his day's experience to a cluster of delighted neighbors. Among other things, he said:—"Squire Brown has been down here to-day, and he fetched that little black dog of his'n along with him. Why, that critter's bigger than my two fists. Well, you see, the squire wanted me to go out to the cow-house with him, for something or other; so we went into the cow-house; and I was just showing you see, and, when I came out I locked the door in. Well, if you'll believe me, that little varmint sat up a ham of bacon that weighed thirty pounds, and a loaf of bread that had a peck of meal in it, and then crawled out through a knot-hole."

☞ The daily press have, in the most truthful manner, made fun of the barber and the tailor who went out to fight a duel. The last has in the most complete manner resulted in a "goose." Has not the phenomenon of comet been studied? Can not see the goose being kept even in the White House at Washington? A tailor now OFFER thirty pikes, not to fight, as those of Limerick.

Stonny Gossip.

What, mortals! A second deluge! Has some one moved the North Pole? Or, can Hurricane Jo Banker, Who knows all, have discovered that we are to have another Noah? Or, Our own Benjamin Franklin, Who discovered the route to Constantinople by way of Utica, Has found another Dardanelles? Let us, then, [illegible] the passage in one hand and the wrath of Neptune in the other, plunge boldly on the raging billows of the Mississippi, and leave no sea unsailed until we have united Tirah with Tirah, and Greece Green with the rock of Gibraltar. Then, and not till then, shall be brought to light Tennessee's long-lost isle of Ulm, of which A Pike published and a Cuba sang.

This is gratifyin' Western feelin'. How kin he be feelin'?

"Americans! This is a great country—this west, and in the fruitness unlimited. Our pride for you destined to reunite all South America; to occupy the Russian possessions of those British Provinces which the governors of the Old Thirteen Colonies won from the French on the plains of Abraham, all rightfully ours to occupy. Ours is a great and growing country. Faneuil Hall was its cradle, but what—what will be found timber enough for its coffin? Scoop all the water out of the Atlantic Ocean, and it will not afford a grave sufficient for its corpse. And yet America has scarcely grown out of the gristle of boyhood. Europe—what is Europe? She is nowhere, nothing, not a circumstance; a cipher, an obsolete idea. We have finer steamboats, swifter locomotives, better fire-engines, longer rivers, broader lakes, higher mountains, louder thunder, darkeder lightning, prettier women, braver men, and more money than England dare have!"

In the campaign of 1800, a prominent politician made a dinnation speech. An individual who styled himself "The aforesaid M. D." was hoisted to the platform to make a speech in opposition. He was "elevated" in spirits as well as in position, and he spoke as follows:—

"Gentlemen and ladies, you're talkin' of dissolvin' the Union; you can't do it; if you go to ——, you can't do it! That's that are flag awavin' up there, called the Star Spangled Banner; how'r ye a-goin' to divide that, ha? Are ye agoin' to give the stars to the Nor'ard and the stripes to the South? No, sir-ee! the thing can't be did. [Cheers.]

"And that's that grand old tune that the band's a playin' out there, called Yankee Doodle; how'r ye goin' to divide that, eh? Are ye agoin' to give the Yankee to the Nor'ard and the Doodle to the Sou'? I say, boldly, the thing can't be did! [Cheers.]

"And that's that stream o'water a runnin' down called the Father-o-waters; how are ye goin' to divide that? Are ye goin' to dam it with Mason an' Dixon's line? I say ye can't do that thing! Wal, ye can't! [Cheers.]

"And that's all the fast horses standin' round here; how are ye agoin' to divide them old horses? Are ye goin' to run 'em Nor'ard and run 'em Sou'; and run 'em East and run 'em West? [Cheers.]

"And that's all the handsome wimmin round here; how are ye agoin' to divide them? Are ye goin' to give the old ones to the Nor', and the young ones to the Sou'? Wal, ye don't! If ye go to thunder ye can't do it. [Immense cheering.]

"And that's all the feathered tribe and other birds a flyin' about here, and the chickens and egg's nest, and the yaller legs and the black legs; how are ye agoin' to divide them, eh? Are you goin' to give the pullets to the Nor'ard, and the roosters to the Sou'?" [Tremendous cheering.]

By the light of subsequent events he has proved to be the soberer man of the two. The comparisons are rather surprising in some of these speeches.

"Fellow-citizens!" exclaimed a stump speaker during a meeting last year, "when I see the fragments of all the broken Sabbath days collected together and put into baskets, then, and not till then, will I believe that this glorious Union can be dissolved."

That was almost as good in the way of similie as Curran, who, when opposed to Lord Clare, said he reminded him of a chimney sweep who had raised himself by dark and dusky ways, and then called aloud to his neighbors to witness his dirty elevation. It was Curran who described a politician as "one who, buoyant by putrefaction, rises as he rots."

Our "blithetin" orators should study the eloquence of the renowned O'Botherem. Listen to him as he "slings his oratorical" upon the subject of riches and poverty:—

"Cannot the poor man, Mr. President," says O'Botherem, "precipitate in all the varied beauties of nature, from the most loftiest mountains down to the most lowest valleys, as well as the man possessed of luxury? Yes, sir, the poor man, while toiling transports crowns his views and rosy hours attunes his sanguinary youth, can raise his wonderful mind to that incomprehensible being who restrains the lawless storm, who kindles up the crashing and tremendous thunder, and rolls the dark and rapid lightning through the intensity of space, and who issues the awful mutters and roll a tornado through the unfathomable legions of the fiery hemisphere. Sometimes seated beneath the shady shadow of an umbrageous tree, at whose vernal foot flows a limping brook, he calls about him his wife and the rest of his children; here, sir, he takes a retrospective view into futurity, distils into their youthful minds youthful lessons, to guard their juvenile youth from vice and immortality, and exhorts them to aspire to endless facility, which shall endure forever. Here, sir, on a fine clear evening, when the silvery moon shined out with all its sumptuous, he learns his children the first rudiments of astrology by pointing out the bull and bear, and many more bright constellations and fixed stars, which are constantly dovetailing on their axle-trees in the azure expanse of the blue cerulean firmament above."

A public speaker, somebody says, should never lose sight of the thread of his discourse; like a busy needle, he should always have the thread in his eye. But extemporaneous speakers often make mistakes.

A Congressional candidate in the west, named Jones, was stumping his district, and on one occasion, by way of commending himself to the "hard shell critter," told the people that he was a "self-made man, of 'obscure and humble origin.'" "Why, fellow-citizens," said he, elevating his voice, "my parents were so poor

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aug4-3m

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MARRIED.

☞ Notices of Marriages must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 7th of Aug., by the Rev. [illegible], Mr. CHRISTIAN [illegible] to Miss [illegible], both of this city.

On the 31st of July, by the Rev. [illegible], Mr. WILLIAM [illegible] to Miss [illegible], both of this city.

On the 14th of July, by the Rev. [illegible], Mr. CHARLES [illegible] to Miss [illegible], both of this city.

On the 15th of Aug., by the Rev. [illegible], Mr. LEWIS A. [illegible] to Miss [illegible], both of this city.

On the 15th of Aug., by the Rev. [illegible], Mr. WILLIAM [illegible] to Miss [illegible], both of this city.

On the 14th of June, by the Rev. Geo. [illegible], Mr. WILLIAM H. [illegible] to Miss HANNAH RUTHERFORD, both of this city.

On the 31st of July, by the Rev. Thos. Winter, GEORGE LEWIS to Miss SARAH A. CRAIG, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 31st of Aug., ANN BEVILL, aged nearly 96 years.

On the 31st of Aug., at Chestnut Hill, JUDITH HARDING, in his 64th year.

On the 31st of Aug., HANNAH REGARS, relict of Jos. Regars, aged 77 years.

On the 26th of Aug., Mrs. MARGARET ATTWOOD, in her 50th year.

On the 28th of Aug., Rev. PETER PARKINSON, in his 90th year.

On the 28th of Aug., Mr. THOMAS LESLIE, aged 77 years.

On the 19th of Aug., JAMES T. MOORE, in his 57th year.

On the 20th of Aug., ELIZABETH, wife of Lewis H. Trumbull, aged 55 years.

On the 16th of Aug., THOMAS DURELL, in his 63d year.

On the 19th of Aug., JAMES SWAIN, Sr., in his 85th year.

On the 17th of Aug., Mrs. FANNY J. LAWSON, in her 36th year.

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THE LADY'S FRIEND.

"Glorious news [illegible]" to the leading mail engraving of the handsome number of this favorite publication, and a very pretty picture it is. It will remind many of the days of their childhood when they would shout scribbling [illegible] and think really that they [illegible] in their years, they have been engaged in [illegible] much more important than trying to attain such other better-than-an-ordinary and pleasant end here. The steel [illegible] plate for this number is an handsome one indeed, and the sporting [illegible] is something a little peculiar. We suppose it is the way that old [illegible] and [illegible] Grim, when on their sporting excursions. "Looking for Father," is a pretty good engraving. Then we have engravings of a Lace Jacket, Mode of Dressing the Hair, a Bridal Coiffure, In-door Cap, &c., &c. We quote the

LIST OF CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER.

STEEL PLATE.—Crossing the Boundary.
COLORED FASHION PLATE.
ILLUSTRATIONS:
"Looking for Father."—Lace Jacket, (front view.)—Sleeve in Satin-stitch.—Lace Jacket, (back view.)—Insertion.—Mode of Dressing the Hair.—Collar.
MUSIC—President Johnson's Grand March.
CHERRY LAWN. By HATTIE HAMMOND.
LOVE'S IDOLATRY. By Mrs. A. V. B.
FAROLED. By ANNIE E. PORTER.
TITIAN VERCELLI.
LOOKING BEYOND. By CLARA AUGUSTA.
TO CLARE. By E.
MRS. MELENDY'S MATCH. By FRANCES LEE.
THE VILLAGE BEAUTY AND THE CITY BELLE. By Miss E. M. BECKWITH.
THE STORY OF A LIFE. By Mrs. BELLA E. SPENCER.
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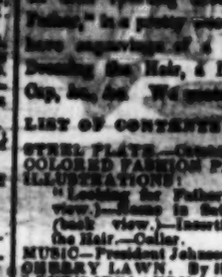

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WIT AND HUMOR.

MNEMONICS.

Swell (in the club smoking-room)—"Waiter, just go down-stairs, and see if I wasn't wearing a book at dinner!"

A Vengeance Gurgoyle.

Mr. M——, who lives in the town adjoining this in Broome county, is very much in the habit of "drawing the long bow." One of his stories is as follows:

"Did you never see one of them here Kangaroos?"

"No," says his listener; "I didn't think there was any such thing."

"Oh yes," says Mr. M——, "I've seen one. He and my blood mare was down there in the home lot, by the side of the road, and we seen something rolling down the hill, and says I, 'I guess that are must be one of them kangaroos coming along.' My blood mare he was afeared, and allers up a tree; but I took my hoe in my hand, and went out and stood side of a tree in the road, and when he come along I smack out the hoe handle, and he hit it slap, and it made a noise jist like a pistol; and, sir, it wasn't mor'n a minute after that the hoe-handle was swelled up as big as my leg!"

As Deacon A——, on an extremely cold morning in old times, was sitting by the kitchen of his neighbor B——, the latter was chopping wood. The usual salutations were exchanged, the severity of the weather briefly discussed, and the horseman made demonstrations of passing on, when his neighbor detained him with—

"Don't be in a hurry, Deacon. Wouldn't you like a glass of old Jamaica, this morning?"

"Thank you, kindly," said the old gentleman, at the same time beginning to dismount, with all the deliberation becoming a deacon, "I don't care if I do."

"Ah, don't trouble yourself to get off, Deacon," said the neighbor, "I merely asked for information. We haven't a drop in the house."

Josh Billings tenders all whom it may concern, the following excellent advice:—

"Don't never lie. Honesty, like beer, not only means; those things are just about as the horse-ense the wrestling thinkers—taking yu git out of repair and lost to mind almost. Court a gal for her, for the her yu have her, for she smokes and tobakker there is in her; court her for a wife or for a mother; court her as you would court a farm for the silo and the perfection of the title; court her as though she wern't a rule and yu another; court her in the kitchen, over the wash-tub, and at the pianner; court her in this way, young man, and if yu don't git a wife, the fault won't be in the courtin'."

A Remarkable Steamer.—Down in a shop in little Delaware, the men often try to get ahead of each other in the way of hard yarns, but it's hard to beat Alack. One of the men the other day, who had been on the Ohio, was speaking of the light draught of some of the steamers out there, when old Uncle Bill spun a long yarn about a steamer he saw down country that could go over any meadow with a light dew on it.

When he was finished, Alack came in with—"Oh, that's nothing. When I was working at Sam Hacker's last spring, he launched a steamer for Morgan that didn't touch the water by an inch and three-quarters."

A Grave Reason.—In the town of ——, in Connecticut, lived an eccentric character, Squire S——, noted for his oddity and singular speeches. The town houses having by long use got into a dilapidated condition, it was determined to get up a public subscription and repair it. In due time the committee called on Squire S——, and asked him to subscribe for the object.

"No," says the Squire, "I won't give a single cent. Twenty years ago I subscribed five dollars to build the old thing, and neither my family nor myself ever had any use for it from that day to this, and I won't give a cent to repair it!"

A quiet gentleman, not given to many words, was sometime since crossing the New Jersey ferry among the passengers from the New York and Erie Railroad train, just arrived. The hackmen were around, as usual, and one of these very polite fellows, who go so far as to offer the use of their splendid carriages and horses to even strangers, came, in the course of events, to our quiet friend, with the oft-repeated "Carriage, sir?" No answer. "Carriage, sir?" Still no answer. "Carriage, sir? Take you to the Astor House, Metropolitan, St. Nicholas, *Deaf and Dumb Asylum*, anywhere, sir."

Castles in the Air.—The Duchess of Newcastle, who was a great writer of plays and romances in the time of Charles II., asked Bishop Wilkins, who had just announced his discovery of a world in the moon, how she could get there. "As the journey," said she, "must needs be very long, there will be no possibility of getting there without stopping by the way." "Your grace," replied the bishop, "can be at no loss for places to stop at, as you have built so many castles in the air."

Miss Caroline Warren S——, since playing cards, was guilty of an odd trick, by which his opponent threw him out of the window of a two-pair-of-stairs room. The heroine reading Bonte complained of this trick, and asked what he should do? "Do," said the old man, "never play at high spots as long as you live."

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Pruning Fruit Trees.

The diversity of opinions as to the proper time for pruning fruit trees, is almost as great as those which divide our agricultural sense upon the properties and proper management of fertilizing agents. But our best informed, most thoroughly practical horticulturists, now take the common-sense side of the question, and practice and recommend pruning during the summer months—say from the first of June to the end of July.

There are several reasons why this season is more proper than any other for pruning all fruit and ornamental trees. The most important of these is, that the sap being all up and distributed through the foliage surface, no bleeding ensues from the lopping off a branch, and the tree being in its prime vigor and strength of growth, is best prepared to act as surgeon to its own wounds, and heal them with the least possible delay; while pruning a tree in the fall, in its philosophy and results is a good deal like cutting off a dozen or so of a poor fellow's fingers and toes, and then without allowing him to have them dressed, saying to him: "There, sir, go hold up your 'stumps' out in the sun till you get well."

On the other hand, early spring pruning is very like sending the same finger-and-toe-clipped patient out to bear burdens and endure exposure, with all those bleeding stumps draining his vital energy.

The next great advantage of summer pruning is, that the tree being in full foliage, we have an opportunity of cutting it into a far more symmetrical form, than with the best experience we could possibly do when clad in its bare branches only. During this season, the fruit on bearing trees are fully set, and we are enabled by cutting away laterals judiciously from over-burdened branches, to thus relieve them from undue and ruinous burdens, obviating the necessity of either "propping up," or a separate task of thinning out.

Never go at a branch with an axe. It is a cruel, barbarous practice. Just about as sensible as a surgeon lopping off a human limb with a cleaver. Absolute butchery. With all twigs and slender stems, exercise the knife. For all the branches larger than a half inch, use the saw. In all cases cut smoothly and close, and coat the cut surfaces as you progress, with some gum preparation that will harden and become impervious to water. It is just as cheap to prune like a Christian as to cut like a savage, and a great deal more profitable in the end.

Wheat Harvest.

Perhaps after all the controversy upon the subject, the most proper time to cut wheat is while there is still a tinge of green existing all along the stem, and the grain in that condition that a "berry" of it may be mashed between the thumb nails, exhibiting a moist, starchy surface.

If the field is very nearly uniform in ripeness, the sooner it is cut and housed the better. There is sufficient vitality in the straw to complete the maturing process; and though wheat cut thus early may thresh a trifle harder than that harvested very ripe, there will be much less loss before threshing, the grain will weigh heavier, grind far better, and afford a greater yield of flour to a given weight of grain.

On almost all the great, prairie wheat-fields of the West, and frequently on the uniform, level surfaced farms of Maryland and Delaware, a field of wheat will ripen so uniformly that could the feet by any possibility be achieved, it would be good policy to cut the whole crop in a single hour. But as a rule, on all unequal, rolling surfaces, the difference in the periods of ripening in a single field of twenty acres is as various as the proportionate constituents of the grain itself, supplied from different portions of the same field.

There may be in a single ten-acre field, a dry knoll, a patch of stony ground, a territory of sandy soil, and a piece of low, stiff clay. Each one of these accidents will supply the elements of which the grain is composed in as many varied proportions, and extend their influence so materially in the maturing of the crop, that while one portion of the field will be fit to go to the barn, another will be a week or ten days behind time. With such a field, rather a general average yet a middling one, it would be better to make several successive cuttings as the grain comes into condition.

If we were to take a two-bushel bag of wheat from each section of the field above instanced, cut, threshed, and kept separate, and were to carry it to a first-class scientific miller to have ground—if we watched the man, we should find him regulating his burs differently directly after commencing the grinding of each parcel. The ripest sample would grind freest, yielding the least flour, while the greenest would grind toughest with a little better turn out, having for the medium, fair grinding qualities and maximum yield.

It is obviously mismanagement to leave wet wheat standing in shocks in the field for days after cutting, as it is too frequently done. The loss by birds, field-mice, and shelling is hardship, is a serious one, while the straw in an abnormal condition, but still to a considerable extent retaining its vitality, absorbs from the soil, sends up by its capillary ducts, and imparts to the grain that foreign, unnatural earthy taste often found in wheaten bread, which we wonder what it is, and which neither the farmer, miller, or baker can account for.

Neither is it good economy to thrash wheat as fast—or very nearly so, as it is cut. The machine is an outlay of extra power and wear, as well as a much greater shrinkage in the grain. Wheat never comes to its best condition so well under any other management, as it does by being left to itself in its native shell or chaff for four weeks after being harvested and housed.

Put in Turnips.

Probably there is in all our country, about one-tenth as many turnips produced as there ought to be. One-half our farmers actually entertain the idea that it is "fiddling" business raising turnips, involving more preparation of soil, care in culture, and bother in harvesting and housing, than the crop is worth. A great many there are who have been frightened from turnip-culture entirely, by the smart of scientific agriculturists, who set up formidable bluffers in the shape of particular preparation of soil, expensive manuring, elaborate culture, and tedious after processes.

Nonsense—all—every one of them, every where—scientific trifflers. Certainly if one expects to grow good turnips, he must sow them on land that will produce something, and pay some sort of attention to them, but there is no need of a quarter of the foggy science that we have sometimes seen expended on a turnip. The plain fact is, turnips will grow and do well wherever potatoes will, and with considerably less care.

Take our whole country through, and averaging all circumstances, each hundred bushels of turnips can be produced at a cost of $4 for labor, $2 for manure, and seventy-five cents as interest on land, implements, &c., and every hundred bushels of turnips is worth actually to the farmer as much as 50 many potatoes. But suppose we put them at the minimum rate of twenty-five cents per bushel—isn't that a satisfactory result, Mr. Farmer? $25 returns on an outlay of $6.75, or a clear profit on investment of nearly a hundred per cent. a month. In all cases where turnips are produced on newly cleared ground, the $2 item for manure may be left out of the estimate.

It is safe to sow turnips in any of the Middle, and nearly all the Western states, from the 15th of July to the 10th of August—on account of the fly past the later the better, so we do not get beyond the latter date. In a considerable proportion of all the Middle and Western states, if the turnip crop is got in as early as the middle of July, it will be matured by the 20th of October, and may be fed out to stock in the field, enriching the land beyond the entire cost of producing the crop, leaving the growth of stock and yield of milk something more than net gain.

Among all the many varieties of turnips named in the catalogues of our seedsmen, we should say the Yellow Swedish or Ruta Baga is the most valuable, it being as hardy as any, withstands the fly and drought better, affords a larger yield, and from twenty-five to forty per cent. more nutriment and fattening material than any of the white, round sorts.

As however we are all more or less fond of variety, it will be well enough to vary the Swedish rule, and put in for winter table use patches of "Golden Ball," and the sweet flavored—the table probably the best turnips grown.

For broadcast sowing from half to three-quarters of a pound of seed to the acre is sufficient. Mix with four times the bulk of dry, sweet sand to sow.

What an Acre Produced.

Upon the "Kelt" farm, within sound of the

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Madeline's Kitchen Cabinet.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

"Useful Receipts."

I should like to suggest to my lady commander of our Post the propriety of either suppressing that heading above quoted, or the following receipt for making a brand new fashioned cake which is below question—precisely, from a late Boston exchange, in which it claims to be original, and I think it is. I am afraid if the startling heading of Madeline's column, "*Useful Receipts*," and this peanut cake, were both published in one column, the lie direct would be given somewhere. But here is the Boston novelty:

"Boston Fruit Cake.

"One cup of molasses, eight eggs, five cups of sugar, two and a half cups of butter, two of milk, one tablespoonful of saleratus, two dessert spoonfuls of cream tartar, one and a half pound of currants, one and a half pounds of raisins. Bake one hour."

Fruit and sugar, butter and eggs, enough in that batch to make something nice, but I have always thought that some flour was very essential in making even a "fruit-cake."

Now I have this very afternoon been practising upon a cake I think about forty times cheaper, and my opinion is that people generally will like it several degrees better than that Boston novelty. I don't give the receipt for making my cake as a new thing under the sun, as I think I have somewhere heard of the thing before, though I never heard how it was accomplished—never saw one before my own.

I grated on a common tin grater the corn from twelve fair-sized "roasting-ears," into a tin pan. Then I stirred in with the grated corn, till a thin batter was made, two well-beaten eggs, half a pound of sifted flour, four ounces of butter melted, six medium-sized apples stewed to a sauce, and after beating up the mass faithfully, I added a dessert-spoonful of saleratus dissolved in a gill of warm water, put into it salt enough to season the material properly, beat all up again vigorously, greased a clean dripping-pan, put in my cake, and baked rather forcibly an hour.

Five of us finished the last crumb of that pan-full, and looked longingly for more. And as it was achieved on Saturday evening, your cosmopolite contributor, "Cosmo," suggested that we should christen the prodigy a

Saturday Evening Post Cake.

And we did. Have you any objections?

Canning Cherries.

Something out of season, I know, but I can't help that. I have only just got it, and am afraid if I attempt to preserve it in my head till next cherry time, several of us will lose it entirely. It is really worth saving, and if I get it once into The Post, it will get further on fast enough, and be finally saved.

We had at tea the other evening, at my practical friend's up at the "Elms," the most delicious canned cherries I ever tasted; and as I am—why—Madeline, of course, I got the ceremony of their creation from Mrs. Kaign, so plainly that anybody can fix up cherries in that way just as nicely next year.

In stemming the cherries, have at hand a vessel of clean cold water, into which immerse them as fast as stemmed, otherwise the air will discolor them about the wound where the stem has been plucked out. A pound of white sugar dissolved in a quart of cold soft water, is the rule. Use the glass jars with gum-screw stoppers. Fill the jars quite full of the fruit; pour into each one half a pint of the sweetened water; set as many as you have room for into a kettle containing cold water, two-thirds the depth of the jars; place over a moderate fire; bring the water to a boil, and continue to boil a quarter of an hour; then in with the stoppers, screw up, and when cold, set away in a cool, dark place, and the cherries will keep always, provided you don't eat them.

A Chilian Hen's-Nest.

Mons. Vernet was telling me of a queer sort of a hen's-nest he used to get sometimes at the pamadee down in Chile. So I began forthwith practising, and turned out what the travelled gentleman declared to be a vast improvement on the Chilean dish. Probably he was flattering somewhat, but it is good, I know.

I took a nice, fat, tender chicken, and dressed it as clean and unexceptionably as I could. Then I had two dozen oysters made up into a batter with crumbs of bread, a quarter of a pound of sweet, fat, salt pork, cut very fine in little thin slips; three mealy, mashed potatoes; salt, pepper, and parsley, to season it just right. Then I had six fresh eggs boiled three minutes, and the shells peeled off, leaving the eggs whole.

I put into the chicken, first, three or four spoonfuls of the batter, then an egg—more batter, another egg, and so on until the chicken was filled. Then I sewed up the orifice, put the chicken in a baking-pan with enough water to cover it, and roasted by chicken-fashion, basting frequently with butter and water. When done, I served up the chicken, and the oysters poured out of it, with the gravy, were delicious. Mons. Vernet was right.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Enigma.

My whole is the title of a popular novel, and the name of its author.

Covington, Ky. Hiddle.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Two-fifths of a liquid that in Egypt is found.
One-fourth of a fruit that grows not far from the ground.
One-third of an article that is useful to man.
Two-thirds of a field that is used on the ocean.
One-fifth of a fruit that in Asia does grow.
One-sixth of a river that in Europe does flow.
One-seventh of a bird that is rare on the wing.
One-third of a fruit of America's strand.
These letters taken correctly, and put in a row,
Will spell a celebrated and virtuous hero.

E. E. McGIBBONEY.

Echo-ville, Ohio.

☞ An answer is requested.

Riddle.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

My 1st is in spring, but not in well;
My 2d is in road, but not in spell;
My 3d is in scrap, but not in scrape;
My 4th is in wisdom, but not in tape;
My 5th is in rally, but not in run;
My 6th is in daylight, but not in sun;
For my whole the soldier looks glad and gay,
And welcomes it in with a cheer and shout.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Rebus.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

A medal.
A fish.
A fruit.
An animal which the Chinese eat.
A general of the present war.
An animal.
A city of Poland.
An industrious insect.
An island near Geneva.
A port in the West Indies.
A thing used in writing.
The head of a comet.
A thing through which we see.
A thing which we see every day.
An animal somewhat resembling a beaver.
A negative.

My initials form the name of a distinguished President.

E. L. P.

Aurora, N. J.

Mathematical Problem.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The right-angled sides of a triangular tract of land measure 60 and 80 rods. This tract is divided into two parts by a railroad, which crosses the longest and shortest sides. A fence out line drawn from any point in the road to the longer right-angled side of the tract (or that side produced from the longer acute angle) is equal to the line drawn from the same point to the greater acute angle. Required, the curve of the road is, the length of the road, and the area of each of the parts the tract is divided into by the road. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested

Problem.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The sum of the squares and product of the first and second is 7061; the sum of the squares and product of the first and third is 12481; and the sum of the squares and product of the second and third is 16291. The three numbers are required. JAMES M. GREENWOOD.

Paulville, Adair Co., Mo.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What is the difference between a fuller and a siege-gun? Ans.—One works the bellows, and the other breathes the works.

☞ What is the difference between a New Zealander and an Athenian mother? Ans.—One loves tender babies, while the other prefers baby tenders.

☞ What fruit does a meaty-minded lawyer mostly resemble? Ans.—A grate pleader.

☞ When is a lover like a tailor? Ans.—When he presses his suit.

☞ Why is the convict, wife of a villain with a small family like a Roman king? Ans.—Because she is a Numa (how pa.)

Answers to Enigmas.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—"I never enlist a soldier to do anything which I cannot do myself." ENIGMA—Grand Island. ANAGRAM.—1. Contemptible, 2. Description, 3. Character, 4. Patience, 5. Varied, 6. Gardens, 7. Hignonette, 8. Enjoyment, 9. Neighbor, 10. Remember, 11. Flower, 12. Violet. CHARADE—Bee-hive. CHARADE—Emily, (Em, I, Lee.)

Cassandra, Henry Co., Ill., Aug. 14, 1864.

Editors S. E. Post.—Gentlemen: I have noticed a solution to my Problem published in the Post of August 13th, from Morgan Burrows, of Round Grove, Scott Co., Iowa. As his solution contains, first, I think he is justly entitled to the money. You will therefore please mail to his address enclosed $1.

Yours, respectfully, GILL HAYES.

We have forwarded the money as requested.

Ed. Post.

South American Civilization.

THE GAUCHO.

Buenos Ayrean Hardihood—Pampas Pastoral—Country Convenances—Equestrianism—Horse-lover with a Fortune—Wonderful Dexterity—Gaucho Dress—Wild Cattle—Their Capture—Their Slaughter—Their Hides—Their Tallow—Their Flesh—Their Bones—Their Horns—Their Hoofs—Their Tongues—Their Marrow—Their Fat—Their Entrails—Their Blood—Their Hair—Their Bellows—Their Skulls—Their Brains—Their Gall—Their Feet—Their Tails—Their Uses—Their Abuses—Their Value—Their Price—Their Destruction—Their Extinction—Their Resurrection—Their Transmigration—Their Immortality—Their Glory—Their Shame—Their Everything—Their Nothing—Their Annihilation—Their Eternity—Their Infinity—Their Omnipresence—Their Omnipotence—Their Omniscience—Their Deity—Their Trinity—Their Unity—Their Nonentity—Their Nonsense—Their Nonsensicality—Their Nonsensicalness—Their Nonsensicalnessicality—Their Nonsensicalnessicalness—Their Nonsensicalnessicalnessicality—Their Nonsensicalnessicalnessicalness—Their Nonsensicalnessicalnessicalnessicality—Their Nonsensicalnessicalnessicalnessicalness—Their Nonsensicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicality—Their Nonsensicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalness—Their Nonsensicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicality—Their Nonsensicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalness—Their Nonsensicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicality—Their Nonsensicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalness—Their Nonsensicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicality—Their Nonsensicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalness—Their Nonsensicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicality—Their Nonsensicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalness—Their Nonsensicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicality—Their Nonsensicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalness—Their Nonsensicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicality—Their Nonsensicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalness—Their Nonsensicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicality—Their Nonsensicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalness—Their Nonsensicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicality—Their Nonsensicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalness—Their Nonsensicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicality—Their Nonsensicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalness—Their Nonsensicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicality—Their Nonsensicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalness—Their Nonsensicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicalnessicality—Their Nonsensicalness

And in the lone day-watches,
Pains from the Ills who have,
Whose sleepless eyes the grey,
Keep sacred Truth in its pure heart.
When does on the grey
To only smile the foolish vision,
The morning of my darling's face,
I surely shall see mine.
Then lay me resting, bleeding here,
But though my eyes may sadden thee,
My glad heart will not answer thee;
Alone, unaided, my love shall come
Along this dreary way,
And all the bliss unmeasured then
With ardour light than day!

Why wilt thou doubt me? and how word
Could tell thee all my longing love,
Yet can I think, the faithful stars
Are shedding in the sky above.
Lo, in my heart the vows are
To light thee on thy way?
O, hoped for, waited for, how long
Must thy dear feet delay? RYMA.

MARK EVERTON.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ESSEX.

Henry Leslie and his friend, Mark Everton, were seated in the cosy library of Leslie's pretty home on the Hudson. Everton had arrived only that afternoon, and as he had been for the last five years travelling in Europe and the East, the two old comrades had much to discuss and to relate. Henry had married during that time, but the presentation to his pretty young wife and curly-headed boy was over, and just now Mark's own prospects formed the theme of conversation.

"So your uncle left you all his fortune, Mark," said Leslie; "and I suppose if it had not been for that you might have remained abroad for ten years longer."

"I don't know," replied Everton. "I was tolerably contented there, and as I have so few ties here, having no family of my own, no mother, sister, or wife, to welcome me, very likely I might have remained away some time longer."

"That's just it," cried Henry. "You must marry."

"My dear fellow, I have no choice," said Mark with a smile. "As you say, I must marry."

"I am glad you think so," returned Leslie. "A man is so much happier. Now look at me," he suggested brightly.

"Oh! I've no doubt I shall be happier, but that is not the only point. You know, I suppose, how I am situated? You have heard about the terms of the will?"

"No, I have not—except that all the money is yours."

"Yes, on condition that I am married within six months from the day of my arrival in New York."

"Oho!" exclaimed Leslie. "I did not know that. What a singular condition to attach to half a million!"

"It is rather odd, but you know Uncle Sam never married, and I presume he had a painful consciousness of the forlornness of a bachelor's life, and wished to save me from a similar fate. He was always urging me to marry even before I went abroad, and during my absence, every now and then his lawyers would captain some words on the subject. He was really very fond of me, I believe, and sincerely desirous of my happiness, so that in order to insure my escape from the horrors of single life, he added this clause to his will."

"It was a singular idea, but a very sensible one after all, perhaps. And have you no lady in your eye, or in your heart?"

"No one, I assure you, my dear Henry. I have remained up to this time without any knowledge of love, deeper than the slightest passing caprice, yet I have no doubt I should be happier married, and I feel rather obliged to my uncle for thus forcing me to turn my attention to a subject I might otherwise have neglected."

"You talk very coolly about it," said Leslie, "but your time may come yet. There are half a dozen nice girls about here, besides Clara, my wife's pretty little sister, and you may meet your fate yet."

"I shall yield easily," replied Everton. "I am thirty-two, and it is quite time I thought of settling for life."

Here the summons to dinner interrupted the conversation, and the two friends left the library for the pleasant dining-room.

Clara Dale, Mrs. Leslie's sister, had been so occupied with her cutlets, that she had not appeared at Everton's arrival, but now she came out to meet her fellow-guest with a very pretty blush and smile. Her costume was perfect, doing full justice in all its carefulness of detail, to the length of time occupied in completing it. Her blonde hair was arranged most, and formed, in the crown of the fashion, was a profusion of curls and coils. Her stately figure was set off by the exquisite fit and the unexceptionable fashion of her white dress. On the whole, she was decidedly a pretty girl, but Everton somewhat indefinitely, but enhanced by a delicate complexion and the expression of mischief about the impertinent mouth.

Mrs. Leslie had perhaps certain matrimonial views in her head when she asked Clara the evening she knew the wealthy Mark Everton was to be her guest, and Miss Dale, who had been in society many years without understanding how to attract admirers, knew perfectly well what her sister's motive was in so unusual a solicitude for the warmth that her eyes evinced on Everton's fine figure and handsome face. The slight glance of the curious gray eyes transferred to her face, however, showed her that the most delicate attention would have been apparent to a less observing man than

[illegible]

"To dine at the Allens' to-morrow. Here is your note."

"At the Allens'—eh, pet?" Then, after a sudden pause, her face clouded as she said, "Gertrude Allen must have come home."

"I dare say. Is she pretty?" asked Mark carelessly.

"Pretty! oh, yes! and handsome! Oh, Mark, I don't half want you to go there!"

"Why, not, pretty one?"

"Oh, because," and the pretty face drooped crimson with blushes—"because I am afraid you will admire her more than—"

"More than I do you? Never fear, *petite*; she must be very pretty, if she is prettier than you."

"She is beautiful," sighed Clara; but Mark sending over to her chair and beginning a frolic with the dog, the subject was dropped and forgotten entirely, at least by Mark, until he stood the next day in the Allens' drawing-room.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen, who were former acquaintances, came forward to meet him, and then their daughter was introduced. As Mark Everton bowed to that tall and beautiful woman, and met the deep, magnetic glance of her glorious eyes, he felt, for the first time in his life, that thrill of the heart that announces the presence of a being capable of swaying one's destiny. However, in this prosaic nineteenth century, one does not, by any means, at once yield to such an impression; and Mark found himself, after a few moments, going in to dinner with this fair woman on his arm, without any other sensation than that of being very happy and well contented with himself and the world in general.

But the spell that these eyes had first woven was riveted by the charms of her conversation. Gertrude Allen had that rare gift of fascination that outweighs beauty, or youth, or grace. In her combined as it was with these three other irresistible charms, the result was a rare power of attractiveness that had already made her the queen of every circle in which she had moved. Poor Clara (seeing across the table and noting Mark's eyes flash and his face light up with an animation she had never evinced, felt her heart grow heavy within her, and looked so utterly miserable, that when Mark came back to the drawing-room he turned his steps with a kind inquiry towards her—

"What is the matter, Clara? you look really ill."

"I am not sick," she faltered, her blue eyes filling with tears.

"What is it, then? little one, tell me."

"You were so devoted to Gertrude, I thought you had forgotten me."

"Is that all?" he asked, laughingly. "Well, I will be devoted to you a little while, if it will bring back your color."

A bright smile broke over Clara's sunny face.

"It will pay you much better to be devoted to me than to her," she said.

"Why? how do you know that?"

"Oh, because it would be only wasted time with her."

Without thinking of how much this speech implied of her own feelings, Mark, with suddenly roused interest, asked eagerly,

"Why would it be wasted time? is she engaged?"

A horrible temptation was placed before Clara—it is very doubtful if she would of herself ever have had the brilliancy to think of erecting this easy barrier between the man she fancied and the woman she dreaded, but with the suggestion before her and the eagerness of his manner warning her how deep was the interest he already felt, she hesitated a moment, and then, as Mark repeated his question—"Is she engaged to be married? Tell me, Clara, if you know it"—she yielded with a sudden impulse to the crime of a deception.

"Yes," she faltered. "Oh, but I ought not to say so!" with a sudden flash of distress.

"Why not? is it a secret?"

He helped her on by every word.

"Yes—that is, very few persons know it."

"And to whom is she engaged?"

"Oh, I can't tell that! indeed I ought not to have said so much."

"Never mind, Clara," he said, kindly, "I will not repeat the story; so no harm is done; and perhaps this warning may have saved me from some folly."

He sighed as he spoke; and Clara, in the midst of her weak horror at her own iniquity, felt a thrill of delight at thinking that she had prevented Mark from any devotion to this dangerous belle.

But still, although Mark believed of course that there was no hope of his ever winning any interest in this peerless woman, he could not resist the attraction that drew him to her side. He lingered with Clara for a short time, but spent all the latter part of the evening in hanging over Gertrude's chair. There was a perfect sympathy of thought and feeling between them; they talked on every new topic started in fresh pleasure, in each other's society. The companionship of this polished and cultivated man of the world, was exceedingly agreeable to Gertrude, and without any fear of the future or dread of consequences, she showed her appreciation of its with a frankness that was irresistibly enchanting.

On the way home Clara was pouring again, and more bitterly than before, to reproach her.

"Ah dear Clara, you must not feel hurt with me for any passing attentions to an agreeable woman."

"But, Mark, you have been so entirely devoted to us lately, that you have quite spoiled me."

"Why not?"

"Because—because you will take care of her home. That is delightful; I shall have you in town to walk on me."

He smiled at her childish eagerness. "Certainly, Clara, I will take you to as many theatres and operas as you like."

But that afternoon, when he rode to the Allens' for a farewell, his heart was very heavy, and he thought with a deep sigh of the perverse fate that had shown him too late the woman he could really love.

Gertrude Allen met Mark with all that charming cordiality of manner that was so grateful to him. But when he told her that he was going away her dark eyes clouded with a look of pain she could not conceal.

"Then you regret my departure?" Mark asked with a sudden, eager impulse.

"Indeed I do, Mr. Everton."

"Ah, Miss Gertrude, if I had met you sooner I would never have gone away!"

He shortened the words pointedly, and Gertrude raised her eyes to his with a sudden flush on her beautiful face—

"If you had met me sooner, Mr. Everton?"

"Yes; you know now it is too late!"

Gertrude could think of but one explanation of these words, that he was engaged to Clara Dale, and a look of intense pain seemed her mobile features.

"Then why pain me, I had almost said insult me by such useless evasion?"

"Forgive me, Gertrude," cried Mark, impetuously; "you do not know how I am suffering."

"If I had known this earlier it might have saved us both much trouble," said Gertrude, with a strange tremor in her voice. "But I am talking folly—"

"No, no!" interrupted Mark eagerly. "If you know what comfort even those words give me!"

She waved her hand imploringly. "Let us speak of this no more. Mr. Everton, you have my best wishes for your future happiness."

"Thank you," he said bitterly. "I can tell you what my prospects are. I presume I shall marry before the six months expire to which I am limited by my uncle's will, and enjoy what I can with half a million of money and a wife I can only half love."

"What, are you obliged to marry in six months?" asked Gertrude eagerly.

"In a little less than four now. I was to marry in six months from the time I reached this country, now more than two months ago."

Gertrude was very pale. "That makes a short courtship."

"Very; but could not a woman that loved me be content with some less?"

"Oh yes; for your sake the shortest wooing would doubtless be the sweetest."

Her tone was half ironical, but there was a softness in her eyes that belied the coldness of the voice.

Mark looked at her earnestly. "I shall remember those words, Miss Gertrude, and now good-bye."

For a moment their hands were clasped with a firm pressure that might have conveyed the secret of each heart to the other, then Mark turned abruptly away, and with a feeling that all hope in life was left behind him, rode away from the woman he loved.

The next day Mark took Clara to New York, and from that time devoted continued his attentions to her, partly because he really liked her, partly because she was constantly exacting from him all sorts of services, and partly because she was always so glad to see him and so devoted to him. As for asking her to marry him, he could not yet resolve to do this. He knew that she would probably accept him at once, but the thought of really tying himself was intensely repugnant, and he was still so wretched with the image of Gertrude Allen haunting him perpetually, that he often felt he would rather lose the money, by not marrying, and be free to dream forever of the beauty he had lost.

Thus matters stood when two months more had passed away. The Allens had gone south to spend the winter, and from his constant attentions to Clara all his friends supposed him to be engaged to her. Mark himself began to feel it to be due to her that he should propose, and having formed a mighty resolution to banish the memory of Gertrude's glorious eyes, and to think only of his pretty little playfellow, he entered one afternoon for the Dales' house, with the full intention of giving up his freedom.

It was a dark, foggy one, too, in the dark November day it was already deep twilight in the Dales' handsomely-furnished drawing-room. The servant opened the door for Mark, and to a well known visitor, left him to announce himself. He stepped noiselessly on the thick velvet carpet, and had seated himself in a dusky corner, when he heard Clara's voice through the half-closed doors of the other parlor.

"Indeed, ma'am, I can't think why he does not propose!"

"He must have some fancy or perhaps some other engagement, as I have often told you," [illegible] "I didn't mention him to you," said Clara pettishly.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

THE "BEWITCHED" FARM.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

If anybody should find the beginning of the following story hard to believe, I shall put the reproach down to the discredit of our modern novelists, who are fast educating the public into a foolish estimation of reality. Their invention is evidently inferior in boldness and spirit to actual events; and still, by the superstition pervading printers' types, imposes them upon full readers as daring contrivances. The result is, that if truth chooses to become a trifle more extravagant than fiction, she is accused of the grossest violation of what she allow with one another. I will endeavour, as far as I honestly can, to keep this narrative down to the level of ordinary romances, but in the many instances where it may necessarily rise above those limits, the reader ought to make no effort.

Mr. Tom Treddock was a man who many years ago I had known at school, and who, as I supposed, at the time of my visit to him, was engaged in the profession of a land agent, which I thought absurdly inconsistent with the other descriptions given of heavy crops. But if he had become an enthusiast on the subject of artificial composts, and was recklessly sinking a heap of money in steam-ploughs, I knew he would also remain a keen sportsman, and I looked forward to a chance of getting a shot or two after all. Besides, I was a little curious to know how Treddock had settled down into married life. I had gone with him, in bygone years, to the dentist's, and learned from his facial contortions what it was to have teeth drawn; when their cutting was first introduced, I had witnessed his heroic resignation in the awful hands of the operator. I had, in a word, profited by his example in a variety of ways, for he was two years my senior; why, then, should I not behold what change the married state had worked upon him? I wrote in answer to his last invitation, saying that he might look out for me at the village railway station on the following Thursday, by the 11.25 A. M. train. That letter was sent on the Monday preceding; which, of course, left plenty of time for a line from him in reply. No note, however, came. But I did not attach much importance to that, for I knew that when he asked me to visit him he really meant it; and as he was not at all a formal kind of person, the idea of answering my proposed arrangement might never have occurred to him. I also had a slight prior acquaintance with his wife, and I did not think that any difficulty had arisen in that quarter. Thursday morning accordingly found me leaving town by an early train, booked for Red Hill station, indulging a pleasant conviction in my mind, as we whirled along, that Tom Treddock's handsome well face would be about the first sight I should see on the platform. But a second disappointment awaited me on alighting at the little country station to which, it seemed, I was the only passenger, I neither found my friend nor any one representing him.

"Open," said the dapper station-master, lowering the telegraph signal as the whizzing train again got into motion; "he know Mr. Treddock very well. I mean Mr. Treddock at the Grange, the deep land but one gentleman of that name; and he and all the rest about there wished there were more like that. At least, everybody did but some contumelious rascal who had taken a spite against him for nothing; but it was to be hoped it would soon be found out who the villain was."

I asked for an explanation—what this latter mysterious statement meant.

"For the last three or four days," answered my companion, carefully wrapping up a signal-flag he held in the hand, "all kind of damage has been done about the farm, and they don't find out who it is done by. Three keep a good watch, but it's of no use; somebody don't keep on the outside. Very likely he's asleep. But in the matter the Treddocks don't deserve to find out who it is, for they are good people."

"Is there any thing else?" I inquired, hearing the group.

"Is it you? I am ashamed nobody met you!" were good Tom Treddock's first words, griping my hand as in a vice, and smiling oddly through his anger and vexation.

"I am sorry you find us in this state. You must forgive us, Mr. Newcome," exclaimed his wife, whose eyes I could see were red with crying; and then, dashing away the tears, she gave me a greeting almost as hearty as her husband's, though a hysterical sob diversified it here and there.

"Come along into the house," interrupted Treddock, seizing my arm. "Never mind all this now," he added, glancing at his wife; and then he went on, turning to the servants: "Go down to the village, and tell the butcher there are three more for him to fetch. That's all. We shall catch the scamp sometime."

"You spoke as if you had heard something about it," added Mrs. Treddock, coming round to me, and recollecting, as it seemed, my first words.

"It isn't worth bothering about, now he is come," said Tom; "and you know," he continued, again grasping my hand, to leave no doubt of the welcome, "we are very glad to see you, though I was not at the station."

"But we shall have to tell Mr. Newcome all about it, to explain why you didn't arrive back, and why there was not anybody at the station," persisted his wife before I could answer.

"That's true. Why, the fact is," went on Tom, coming to a pause in the middle of the yard, "we were not expecting you. I knew you won't be offended when you understand it. Nelly thought if I didn't write back, you would not start."

"Yes, but there was a reason for it," hurriedly put in the lady. "That sounds, Tom, as if I did not wish for the visit, which you know I did. It was only because things turned out so after you sent your letter; and I thought," addressing me, "you would not enjoy yourself as we could wish;" and she wound up with a hesitating blush.

"Just so; there is the point," said Treddock: "but we must laugh at it, Nell. We shan't be refined you; and my old friend here must think anything that happens a joke;" and the big, honest fellow proceeded to laugh. "We mustn't be in the blues, old chap, now you are come;" and he slapped me on the shoulder. "You won't mind going in by the short way, through the kitchen," he said, making for the back door.

"I know about it," I at length got out, in answer to Mrs. Treddock's long-ago question, as we entered the house; "the man at the railway station told me, so I understood a great deal too well why you were not there to meet me. Have you had an accident with the window?" I innocently asked, for at the end of the low, old-fashioned passage we had just entered from the kitchen, a large casement was partly hanging inwards, most of the panes in it shivered.

"Oh! it is only one of those jokes that somebody is playing us. It smashed in just after six this morning, before it was well light." And Treddock bent flying units of the fragments of glass from under foot with a kick, as he laughed again.

"No, this is the work of a set of rascals who are trying to get a character for me, I believe, though I have not got a character. Just before I left home, I had a letter from a man who had been in my employ, and who had left me because I would not keep him on after he had been convicted of poaching. He wrote to know the character I would give him, and I sent him a very good one, for I had no fault to find with him, except that he was a poacher. He has got a place, I suppose, and this is his way of showing his gratitude. Only last night some villain broke into the barn, and cut the traces of all the horses' harness to pieces. Then, on the night before, a fine young bullock was found stabbed in the ribs, and left to bleed to death. Last night, as I said, the window was broken in, and this morning the pigeon-house was found to have been entered, and all the young birds killed. Nelly is very much annoyed about it, for she was very fond of the pigeons, and used to feed them herself. But I don't care a straw about it, for I shall soon find out who it is, and then I'll pay him off."

"Is more of this villainy going on?" I inquired, entering the group.

"Is it you? I am ashamed nobody met you!" were good Tom Treddock's first words, griping my hand as in a vice, and smiling oddly through his anger and vexation.

"I am sorry you find us in this state. You must forgive us, Mr. Newcome," exclaimed his wife, whose eyes I could see were red with crying; and then, dashing away the tears, she gave me a greeting almost as hearty as her husband's, though a hysterical sob diversified it here and there.

"Come along into the house," interrupted Treddock, seizing my arm. "Never mind all this now," he added, glancing at his wife; and then he went on, turning to the servants: "Go down to the village, and tell the butcher there are three more for him to fetch. That's all. We shall catch the scamp sometime."

"You spoke as if you had heard something about it," added Mrs. Treddock, coming round to me, and recollecting, as it seemed, my first words.

"It isn't worth bothering about, now he is come," said Tom; "and you know," he continued, again grasping my hand, to leave no doubt of the welcome, "we are very glad to see you, though I was not at the station."

"But we shall have to tell Mr. Newcome all about it, to explain why you didn't arrive back, and why there was not anybody at the station," persisted his wife before I could answer.

"That's true. Why, the fact is," went on Tom, coming to a pause in the middle of the yard, "we were not expecting you. I know you won't be offended when you understand it. Nelly thought if I didn't write back, you would not start."

"Yes, but there was a reason for it," hurriedly put in the lady. "That sounds, Tom, as if I did not wish for the visit, which you know I did. It was only because things turned out so after you sent your letter; and I thought," addressing me, "you would not enjoy yourself as we could wish;" and she wound up with a hesitating blush.

"Just so; there is the point," said Treddock: "but we must laugh at it, Nell. We shan't be refined you; and my old friend here must think anything that happens a joke;" and the big, honest fellow proceeded to laugh. "We mustn't be in the blues, old chap, now you are come;" and he slapped me on the shoulder. "You won't mind going in by the short way, through the kitchen," he said, making for the back door.

"I know about it," I at length got out, in answer to Mrs. Treddock's long-ago question, as we entered the house; "the man at the railway station told me, so I understood a great deal too well why you were not there to meet me. Have you had an accident with the window?" I innocently asked, for at the end of the low, old-fashioned passage we had just entered from the kitchen, a large casement was partly hanging inwards, most of the panes in it shivered.

"Oh! it is only one of those jokes that somebody is playing us. It smashed in just after six this morning, before it was well light." And Treddock bent flying units of the fragments of glass from under foot with a kick, as he laughed again.

"Is there any thing else?" I inquired, hearing the group.

"Is it you? I am ashamed nobody met you!" were good Tom Treddock's first words, griping my hand as in a vice, and smiling oddly through his anger and vexation.

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"Nobody heard but one groan," said Treddoch.

"Ah, that may be, that may be," wisely answered the official, shaking his head; he was not going to relinquish this happy discovery.

"The blows might have been struck together—one after?" I suggested.

"Exactly. That was what I meant," said the crafty old fellow, his eyes twinkling.

"Then there must be two of them, or else the rascal can use one arm just as well as the other," remarked Treddoch skeptically; and after glancing round, as if to see that his wife was not within hearing, he doubtfully added:—"But what about there being no footsteps? There was no line under the window, I know; but nobody could come into the yard, or go out of it, without leaving marks behind them."

"Well, you see you hadn't got a dog, but I have brought you one," replied the constable creatively. "Old Dixon's son Jim, for all the parson says, will keep dogs, an' I've borrowed this one from him till you get another. I turned him into the kennel, an' he seemed to settle down nicely. It's a part bull-breed, so if he pins anybody, he's bound to hold 'em."

"Thank you; I'm glad you have brought him up," said Treddoch: "but I can't see that a dog has anything to do with there being no footprints."

"Mebbe not, mebbe not; only it's clear it was done of' two blows; an' as they would want their hands for that, they must ha' had feet as well," chuckled the old man.

Treddoch made no answer, but led the way back through the kitchen towards the kennel, where the borrowed dog was snarling viciously at a couple of female servants, who were at a safe distance, reconnoitering this new arrival. He gave voice loudly on our nearer approach; and being big-boned and strong-limbed, as well as noisy and fierce-looking, seemed really promising.

"Why, what is the matter with Bob yonder?" inquired Treddoch, as we turned about to leave the kennel, nodding, as he spoke, towards a heavy-bodied cart-horse, then standing tethered close up against the wall, in a corner of the yard near to the drinking-trough, his huge head drooping down to his knees.

Bob gave his monstrous head a slight shake as we drew near, and red drops were visibly scattered by the jerk, while the animal's strong frame instantly shivered with a spasm of pain. My friend, his master, at this sight, burst out into a fit of wrath, his indignation at the illusage of the patient brute overmastering his other feelings. Inquiries were at once made; but all that could be learned was that, about a quarter of an hour before, Bob, who had been at work in the fields, had been brought up and put into the stable, from whence, it was to be supposed, he had, in the absence of the man while chopping some food in the loft, wandered out to the trough to drink, and had there been thus brutally maltreated, although nobody appeared to have heard the slightest unusual noise. The water-cistern was close to the wall, and any one, from the top of it, might have reached to the horse with a weapon; but no traces of footmarks could be met with, either on the mossy ground of the wall, or upon the ground outside. Searchers ran to the top of the hill, and hurried off in other quarters, but no one was to be seen. This affair, like all the others, was wrapped in mystery.

"Don't let your mistress know till I tell her," said Treddoch, addressing the open-mouthed groom. "Is her mare all right, I wonder?" he asked at a sudden recollection. "Get some warm water, and bathe Bob;" saying which, he hurried across the yard towards the stables.

In a minute or two, he reappeared, leading a black horse, which arched its neck and pawed the ground in the most dainty manner. We were soon all about it, making close examination. The mare was shaking a little, as if she had been startled; but she was uninjured; and she was a beauty. I had never seen a more perfect animal. Perhaps she was a trifle slight it build; but for a lady's riding, nothing could have been better. Poor Bob, the cart-horse, overcome at the general gentleness we were indulging in, lashed out a hind leg as he was being led past before being bathed, and made it a very narrow escape from spoiling the mare's beauty and usefulness together by breaking her ribs. This lost him a great deal of sympathy, for the mare was in favor with everybody; but it at least brought back the talk to his case, and to the alarming circumstance to which that had chiefly seemed to point. Treddoch ordered the man to whom he handed over the mare not to quit the stables until somebody relieved him, and told one of the men-servants to sleep in the loft to-night. On his way back to the house, he appealed almost triumphantly to me and the discomfited old constable as to what we thought of this fresh occurrence. I could lend no explanation; and the legal functionary himself merely contributed, by the announcement of his feelings, a hope that the mare would speak upon the matter.

The news of poor Bob's ill-treatment was broken as gently as possible to Mrs. Treddoch, who had been engaged in the house with baby, but her feelings when told, and even when seeing, could scarcely be restrained by the assurance that the animal was not dangerously injured by the outrage. In the end she (the black mare being by this time brought round to the front) was induced to mount, and ride off with her husband, Tom Treddoch and myself, to the scene of the attack, where the constable had undertaken to remain on guard. Bob, with a sturdy support for his quadruped companion, for Treddoch, who had lost his own pretty much on the previous night, reiterated his intention of taking me to the meet of the hounds next day, and, on that account, would not hear of my "riding" up, and also said that he himself must have come along, or he should not be fit to follow the hounds. His wife was brave enough to support his plan, and overbore all my objections to the arrangement, saying how unhappy it would make her as well as Treddoch, if I did not enjoy myself, now that I had come. She seemed, too, very much pleased that I was going to try her poor horse next day. The grizzled old constable shambled away on his visit to the village; and after tea, baby's tranquillizing influences again came into play; and we all seemed to settle down into that sort of pastoral quiet, which, I should say, the inhabitants of a beleaguered place, in a momentary expectation of being attacked, experience. Early in the evening, the old constable returned, making a rather ostentatious display of a newly-painted staff, to which he appeared to attribute some kind of magical powers. Supper over, quite a party of us, the constable, Treddoch, myself, and two or three of the men, made the round of the place, finding all safe. A man was left to sleep in the stable-loft, another in a corn-chamber over-looking the stack-yard; and, as the last proceeding, a burly young fellow, whose strength of muscle was likely to make up, in case of need, for the constable's want of it, was stationed along with that old fellow in the kitchen. I thought the constable looked rather pale, but we left him standing on the hearth, before a blazing fire, pretending to smile confidently, and keeping the rather goodly-adorned staff in pretty prominent view.

We all retired at an hour earlier than usual, even for the Grange, owing to our intended hunting expedition in the morning. Treddoch, upon showing me to my old-fashioned bedroom, placed a loaded carbine at my bed's head, saying mildly that it was charged only with duck-shot, and as they would be sure to scatter well, I need not be afraid of letting fly with it, in case of any emergency arising. He was himself provided in his chamber, he explained, with a double-barrelled gun, containing full charges of sparrow-shot; but a final allusion he made to the inexplicable absence of footprints on all occasions, intimated that he had little hope of the mystery being solved, even by means of these formidable preparations. All these matters were so different from the expectations with which I had set out on my journey, that they were considerably disturbing, and I did not sleep well; more than once, I started up, and stared about the moon-lighted chamber, fancying I heard an alarm raised; but they were half-dreamings of mine, and when, at last, I was effectually startled by the presence of Treddoch's white figure at the side of my bed, in the gray dawning, he informed me that all was well. On our going down stairs, this happy pregnostication was confirmed by the sight of the old constable and the young wagoner peacefully dozing opposite each other, in the blinking light of a neglected night-lamp, the representative of the terrors of the law still having his staff in hand. So far as we could infer, the only alarm they had experienced was that they were then undergoing from our sudden entrance unexpectedly aroused them. A similarly satisfactory report was received from the man in the stable, and also from his fellow in the corn-loft, and a hasty survey of the premises showed us that all was really safe. The old constable seemed disposed to take the whole of the credit of it to himself, at which Treddoch only laughed, and then quite cheerfully conveyed the news up-stairs to his wife. One by one, the servants made their appearance, and soon the house was all astir. Breakfast was hurried on, and the horses were ordered to be got ready. The outdoor laborers began to arrive, and all seemed delighted to hear the satisfactory intelligence that no further damage had been done. Inside the house and out was a scene of merry bustle, and I was quite entertained by the novelty of this early-morning picture of rural life. Treddoch resolutely refused to don his hunting-garb, because I too could not assume the scarlet; we must keep a bit in the rear of those in uniform, he said, that was all the difference it would make. At length, we were told the horses were ready, and Mrs. Treddoch's pleasant voice from somewhere at the top of the stairs wished us a good day's sport. It seemed baby had been wakeful during the night, and the maternal eyes needed to close again a little. At the door, we found the horses champing their bits, and pawing. My friend had a strong bright bay horse, just suited to his weight; and the black mark allotted to me, barring a slight fear I had that she was rather too fresh for my riding, looked in capital trim.

"How is it the dog isn't barking? I have not heard him lately," said Treddoch, suddenly pausing with one foot in the stirrup-iron.

"I heard him when we first went across to the outhouses," I said.

"So did I, but he is quiet now. He can't have got used to the yard by this time? Go to the kennel," he added in a curious tone to the man standing by the horses' heads, and he at the same time shouted for the constable.

"The dog is still enough, right at the end o' th' chain," shouted the pale-faced ploughman, running back from the direction of the kennel.

"I felt sure he was," said Treddock, turning a white visage to me. "Constable, the fresh dog is done for!" he continued, as that worthy came blinking up, fresh from before the kitchen fire.

"O no! he cannot be. I heard him just now," the old man incredulously replied, hobbling away towards the kennel. We walked our horses on to that corner, and there, plainly enough to be seen, the brute lay dead and stark.

"A blow on the head?" asked Treddoch, as if forestalling the answer.

"Why, his skull is smashed! There's a hole I could put my three fingers in!" exclaimed the astounded old man.

"Can you stop at the house with the women while we are away, constable? We shall be back soon after noon," remarked Treddoch.

"But he is quite warm yet," mechanically said the constable.

"Do you hear me? Can you stop?" shouted Treddoch, losing temper.

"Yes, I'll stop," was the slow answer.

"And let the men keep about the house. Tell them to keep their eyes open, and if any more dogs come, they'll be worried, too. Where's Tom Treddoch?" he asked, turning to me, as he mounted his horse.

"Tom, you and the baby come with the horses as soon, said Treddoch, handing the boy pale enough, towards his wife. "The place is bewitched, and something will happen to you. Go, take you your mother," he urged, his voice shaking; "we shall have the country people here now: knocking houses to pieces with the head is different to killing cows, and sheep, and dogs. If his skull, there'll have to be no fallow land."

Mrs. Treddoch begged her child to bed herself while she went over the frightful news; but she announced that she would not go away, unless Treddoch went with her; everybody else said had better go, and leave the place to herself. The servants, about six she thinks was, were already acting upon that conviction; some were bringing boxes down stairs, and one or two had got their bonnets on. The last horrible affair, occurring in broad day, had broken down the courage of everybody, and the whole premises had instantly been thrown into confusion, no one daring to venture now from one room into another alone. Meanwhile, the constable continued to breathe, and more heavily; now and then, he turned about his arms, but he seemed to be quite unconscious. Very shortly, people came hurrying up from the village, the messenger sent for the doctor having told them the startling news as he passed through. The house was filled with persons quickly. I suggested that the police should be sent for from the county town, and Treddoch assenting, a second messenger was ordered to saddle the black mare, and hurry away on this errand, with a whispered injunction from me, at which he gave me a peculiar stare, not on any account to touch the animal's ears unless he wished a taste. The man, a few minutes afterwards, shouted in at the kitchen door that the mare had got loose in the upper field, and would not let a dozen of them catch her. He was angrily bade to take one of the cart-horses. By and by, though the interval seemed awfully long, the surgeon arrived, and after a hasty examination, he pronounced that the constable's head was fractured in two places. In answer to a question from Treddoch, he said that, as far as he could judge, the blows had been struck with a deadly and blunt instrument. Under the doctor's instructions, the old man was removed to a couch in another room, which could be kept free from intruders; for by this time the crowd had almost taken possession of the whole place, neither Treddoch nor his wife seeming greatly to object to it. The presence of the crowd appeared to give something like a sense of security, or it at least mitigated the feeling of danger. My big strong friend stood with a pallid face amidst the rush of his male neighbors; and Mrs. Treddoch, with her frightened child, made another gentle for the scanning circle of women. Occasionally, Treddoch would turn to me, and, in a mechanical way, express his hope for the arrival of the police; but the mystery was to be explained without their aid, and, as fate would have it, I had a principal part to play in the solution. Treddoch, after making another effort, finally succeeded, by the aid of the obscuring women, in persuading his wife to take the child away from the Grange down into the village. She went up stairs for her own bonnet and shawl, and for Master Charlie's hat, and was shortly fully dressed and ready to start. A big servant girl had the baby in her arms, and after he had received the father's showery of kisses, she set off with him in advance of her mistress, who turned back for another little fit of hysterical sobbing on Treddoch's broad shoulder.

"The black mare—the black mare!" was the next moment pulled in a score of excited voices, and a clatter of hoofs dashed past the front door. "She has got the child!" next struck on our ears in horror.

Instantly everybody was pouring pell-mell through the doorway, but Tom Treddoch's fists, striking right and left in sudden fury, made for himself the foremost way, his poor stark-mad wife, however, keeping a dragging hold of him. But, once outside, everybody came to a sudden stand-still; the parents stopped transfixed in wondering horror, like every one else. On the other side of a small pond, just below the house, to the left, and through which she must have rushed, stood the infernal mare, with the child hanging from its jaws, held up by the clothes; and just as we all got sight of her, she ducked her head, and dipped the struggling infant under water, closely holding into the pond! Some man who had been hastening towards her, stopped seeing at this manœuvre, and lifting her head, the she-devil reared at bay, white streaks of vapor escaping from her nostrils, and her eyes blazing blood-red. With a ringing shriek, Tom Treddock rushed towards the pond, and Tom followed her, but even more the devilish creature ducked her head, and plunged the child into the muddy choking water. The mother fell headlong, and she darker millward where he absorbed himself, with his big forearm erect upraised, while everybody else remained motionless, fascinated with horror. One old woman alone had presence of mind, which afterwards cleared all the rest; she rushed back into the house, and a moment later she thrust a gun into my hands. I, happening to be nearest. The broke the spell. I ran for the pond, a wild cry going up from every quarter at the sight of my weapon. The horrible eyes of the mare met mine, and again she dropped the child towards the water; but, by doing so, she imperiled her neck, and I had the fine position of the shoulder-blade. Although point-of-darkness began momentarily to cloud my eyes, I never thought of that the beast must be quite aware of the weapon's presence and power, and that the cold steel would, I knew, a white speck on the surface of the pond

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MARRIAGES.

On the 20th of Aug., by Friends' ceremony, in presence of Mayor Henry, THOMAS C. ATKINSON to ANN E. ATKINSON, both of this city.

On the 26th of Aug., by the Rev. W. T. Eva, Mr. HUGH J. LAIRD to Miss MARY MYERS, both of this city.

On the 28th of Aug., by the Rev. W. Starrett, WILLIAM CAIN to Miss IRENEUS GRIFFITH, both of this city.

On the 24th of Aug., by the Rev. F. C. Pearson, Mr. ISAAC L. GLASCOT, of this city, to Miss VIOLA ROBINSON, of Covington, Ky.

On the 9th of Aug., by the Rev. John Shields, Mr. ADOLPH H. WAGNER to Miss JULIA A. HILGER, both of this city.

On the 8th of Aug., at Reading, Pa., by the Rev. Dr. Rindig, ADOLPH P. GRAIMELL, of this city, to SUE L. SORELL, of Reading.

On the 2nd of May, Mr. WILLIAM B. HAWORTH to MARSHA A. HOWARD, formerly Davis.

On the 12th of Aug., by the Rev. Mr. Jarvis, Mr. HOPE THORSTON to Miss MARY F. BARNES, both of this city.

DEATHS.

In Downingtown, Pa., July 20th, JENNIE E. TORBERT, daughter of Isaac Torbert, in her 20th year.

On 2d-day, 9th month, 29th, EARL BRIEN, in his 70th year.

On the 26th of Aug., Mrs. MARGARET DALE, widow of the late Dr. Richard C. Dale, of Delaware, aged 81 years and 10 months.

On the 27th of Aug., WALTER HILBERT, aged 26 years and 6 months.

On the 26th of Aug., Mrs. SARAH HARRIS, in her 86th year.

On the 29th of Aug., BENJAMIN F. GLADING, in his 28th year.

On 2d-day, the 28th of Aug., ANNA EVANS, in her 60th year.

On the 27th of Aug., Mrs. HANNAH BROWN, aged 86 years.

On the 27th of Aug., Mrs. ANNE HOOD, in her 66th year.

On the 26th of Aug., WILLIAM HARDWICK, Sr., in his 87th year.

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DYSPEPSIA AND COSTIVENESS CURED.—D. J. TENNY'S CASE.—*New York Mercury*, January 14, 1860.—Whether the Brandreth's Pill is ever convertible into blood, we will not now discuss. But our chief object at this time is to give a statement of a gentleman who says he has taken one of the Brandreth's Pills, for at least sixteen months, daily, or about 480 days in succession, and who says that at the end of that time he considered himself cured of Dyspepsia, attended by a constant costive state of the bowels, which had troubled him for a long time.

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AFFECTING.

Our fast young friend, Flashington, having taken an extra glass or two of wine at the party last night, proposed to Miss Catchem, and unfortunately was—accepted. Fancy his feelings, and those of Miss, this morning.

Electioneering.

I am an old resident of Oregon, and was for many years a constituent of Jo L——, his once Oregon's greatest politician. I propose telling the curious reader one of his electioneering dodges, and how nicely he got caught at it. Uncle Jo was about to make a speech to the unterrified of Long Tom, and stopped at Tom Brown's for dinner. He knew Tom to be a little shaky—in fact, quite inclined to be anti-L——, and Uncle Jo determined to bring him over. As soon as he entered the house he commenced his usual tactics: "Well, God bless you, Mrs. Brown! how do you do, and how are all the little ones?" After kissing the dirty brood all round, he sets for mother's pipe. "If there is anything I do like, it is to smoke mother's pipe; it's got some strength into it, and quiet a fellow some good. By-the-by, Mrs. Brown, they say Tom is going to vote agin me. I hope he won't. By and I have fit Indians together up on Rogue River, and camped out in the mountains, and been good friends and Democrats ever since we came to Oregon."

Presently dinner is ready, and they have pork and beans, of course. Mr. Brown is sorry they have nothing better. Bob says Uncle Jo, "You would not have anything better; them your self, we don't have anything half so good in Washington. Why my friend, the President, would give half his salary to get such beans as these. Have you got a pint you could spare? I would so like to take them to him for seed."

"We've got bushels of them," says Mrs. Brown.

"Well, now, how lucky! If you will, do put up a pint of them. I will put them in my saddle-bags and take them on to Mr. Buchanan, and I would not be surprised if in return the means of Tom getting one of the best offices in the state."

So the beans were put up and stowed away in Uncle Jo's saddle-bags, and Tom's vote and influence were all made sure.

In about a week Tom and his wife go up to Eugene, to visit Tom's sister, Mrs. Smith. Uncle Jo had been there, and made a first-rate impression. Mrs. Smith tells Mrs. Brown, "What a fine gentleman Squire L—— is—so kind and sociable like; and then he thinks so much of Smith! Would you believe it, he brought us a pint of beans all the way from Washington, the very kind the President has on his table."

At this Mrs. Brown begins to smell a very big mice. Says she:

"Mrs. Smith, what kind of beans is them he brought you from Washington?"

"Oh, they are nice beans—twice as large as our white ones, with a pinkish eye."

"I thought so!" says Mrs. Brown. "May I see them beans?"

"Certainly," says Mrs. Smith. "I have them in the bag with the garden seeds."

The beans were produced, still tied up in a piece of Jane Brown's calico dress. This produced an explosion. Brown and Smith at once became anti-L——, and worked hard to defeat him. Messrs. Brown and Smith were a host in themselves. They canvassed long Tom and Eugene so thoroughly that Uncle Jo had not the ghost of a chance in those precincts.

The Arts in China.

They have manufactories of false gems in China, but none of false teeth. There are practitioners who profess to cure the toothache instantaneously, and people worthy of credit have assured me they succeed in doing so. The wooden of European dentists are among the most admired examples of the skill of foreigners. A Mandarin who was anxious to learn something about the making of teeth, once produced to me a box full of artificial bones of various sizes and colors, with which he supplied the defects of his own. He said he used one sort of bone before, and another after his meals, and insisted that Chinese ingenuity was greater than our own. What, in process of time, will be the action of western civilization on the farthest eastern region—whether, and in what shape, we shall make returns for the instruction our forefathers received from them—is a curious and interesting inquiry—many interesting from the vast extent of the regions before us. The fire-engine is almost the only foreign mechanical power which has been popularized in China. There is scarcely a watch or clock maker in the whole empire, though epidemic seem generally carry two watches. The rude Chinese agricultural and manufacturing instruments have been nowhere supplanted by European improvements. No steamship has been built by the Chinese. The only one I ever saw would not move after it was launched. If you ask a Chinaman, who had only partially seen English customs as above, with regard to the authorities to construct the railroad. There is neither gold nor silver coinage; the only currency being a base metal, *chien*, whose value is the fifth of a farthing. The looms with which their beautiful silk stuffs are woven are of the most primitive character. Yet they have arts to us wholly unknown. They give to copper the hardness and the sharpness of steel. We cannot imitate some of their brightest colors. They have lately sent us the only natural green which is permanent, which has been known to them, as printing, wood engraving, the use of the compass, artillery practice, and other great inventions from immemorial time. Paper was made from rags long anterior to the Christian era, and probably notes were used at a still earlier period. The Chinese may be proud of a language and a literature which has existed for thirty centuries, while in Europe there is no literary language now written or spoken which would have been intelligible seven hundred years ago. If, then, this singular people—more than a third of the whole human race—look down with some pleasantry on the "outside barbarians," let them not be too harshly judged or too precipitately condemned.

Children's Talk.

When my little Anna was nearly three years of age, we were at her grandfather's, visiting. While eating her breakfast one morning, she asked to swallow rather a large piece of meat and had some trouble to get it down. When she caught her breath, she said, "Oh, Anna most swallowed chewed!"

Little Eddie's mamma gave a tea party; among other guests present was a clergyman, who at table was requested to ask a blessing. Bending over his plate he performed the service, little E—— hearing the Divine blessing invoked for the first time, the scene by the others was said, little Eddie rose and shouted—

"Mamma, mamma, what did Mr. E—— say all that to his plate for?"

Willie had an Uncle Charles who was a minister, and whom he saw for the first time while on a visit to him. Willie was an observing little fellow of three years. The first time they met at the table Uncle Charles bowed his head over his plate and asked a blessing. This was a new service to Willie, who could hardly restrain himself, but spent the time in examining his plate. Just as his uncle concluded, he turned it over, and observing the stamp of the maker on the bottom, called out—

"There's more on the other side; Uncle Charles, say that."

Little Horace P——'s mamma was one day trying to teach him to repeat something which she wished him to learn; after repeating part of it she asked why he didn't go on. He hung his head with a sore of distressed look, and said—

"I was only showing you how I *couldn't*."

A little friend of ours, about eight years old, is very fond of arithmetic, and always ready to answer any question in it to the best of her ability. One day, a gentleman gave her a problem which was rather difficult to solve. He asked her, "If a boy were ten years old and his father forty, how old would his mother be?" The child replied—

"I *think thirty*—but I have not been at school, or I could tell you exactly."—*Lily's Pilgrim.*

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Surface Manuring.

There has been going on of late, an earnest and animated discussion among scientific and practical agriculturists, in regard to the best time and most proper manner of making applications of manurial agents to the soil. Like almost all other subjects that pass in agricultural review, the question has furnished a very great diversity of opinions, the majority probably at the present time favoring the surface practice.

Now we have no idea of settling the difficulty definitely. Nevertheless, having an opinion, like some of the others, we shall put it in for just what it is worth, vesting as at present advised, against the surface system.

In regard to the manner of application, we should say that it is important to combine the quality and condition of the soil, the position of the field, and the quality of material used. For instance, any manure the surface of a field having a considerable declivity, is soon washed and impaired, with every shower, greater or less, that falls upon it. Besides, the soluble parts of the manure, which are the most valuable, are washed down, many inches, in forming the fields of open ditches, which have been found of, and couldn't save a manure which was lost.

What shall be manured for pasture, meadow, and wood culture, who are not so ready to fly up, on run of humidity, but are inclined to hide themselves, with the addition of the ability to penetrate and readily unite their with the constituents of plant food held in equilibrium in the soil, we should say make surface applications and as near the plant, it is intended to benefit as conveniently may be.

In regard to the proper time to apply manure, it is an open question as yet, how long soil is capable of enduring hunger without being starved to death. We feel ourselves, our horses and oxen, before retiring to rest, after a day of toil; why not our land? If it has exhausted the energy in producing a crop, and is hungry for that food of which it has been robbed, good philosophy would teach that the most proper time to feed it is while its appetite is craving, give, give, and its digestive faculties are most active—not wait until the soil has put on its winter's sleep, nor begin stuffing it with manures before it has half got its eyes open in the spring. We do not believe that frost and snow are in any degree necessary to the fretting of the soil, or that any land is ever very greatly benefitted by the application of manures during the prevalence of very severe frosts.

Our own experience is in favor of applying the manure as soon after the crop comes off, or out of the ground, as can conveniently be done, and in almost all instances turning it under with a light furrow, laying it say—six inches beneath the surface, where nature the more readily lays hold of it, passes it deftly through her underground alembic and gives it generously to the hungry soil, appeasing first her own appetites, and then hatching it there a fitting patrimony to feed succeeding crops.

A very large percentage of the virtue of all long, coarse, barn-yard manures, would be utterly lost by permitting the material to be exposed bleaching and drying up upon the surface.

Original.

A lady sends us the following, which she desires republished—not from THE POST years ago, but which she considers as good——

Raspberry Wine.

The following receipt I cut from the columns of THE POST years ago, and have made gallons of wine from it. Measure your berries and bruise them; to every gallon adding one quart of boiling water. Let the mixture stand twenty-four hours, stirring occasionally; then strain off the liquor into a cask; to every gallon adding two pounds of sugar; cork tight, and let it stand until the following October, and you will have wine ready for use.

Cooking Cabbage.

Cabbage is a capital vegetable, and coming so generally into favor that the half-heathen practice of murdering it in cooking in the majority of cases, ought to subject the cabbage cooks to an indictment for vegetable slaughter. This dowsing into a pot of a whole head of cabbage, unwashed, unsearched, uncut, boiling half an hour and serving up half raw, is an abomination most infamous.

A cabbage-head ought always to be thoroughly washed, then severely searched for lurking lice, bugs, and nasty worms, then cut through from the top towards the stump part, leaving enough to hold the head together—put the head into a pot, and then into a steamer and steam two hours with a piece of nice, fat salt pork boiling underneath the steamer.

Cabbage half cooked is an abominable, unwholesome cow fodder—properly cooked, it is palatable, nutritious, and wholesome.

I know of several ways in which cabbage can be cooked so as to make it a great deal better than we generally find it, and when one of them shall happen to drift into my mind occasionally, I shall write it down and Post it for the benefit of cooks, cabbage, and community.

MADELINE.

Selected.

Cream-Tartar Cakes.

To one and a-half pounds of flour take two ounces of butter, rub it well in the flour, add one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, one teaspoonful of cream-tartar, and quart of sweet milk; bake in hot oven.

Lemon Cake.

Take one cup of butter, three of sugar, one of milk, four of flour, five eggs, a teaspoon of soda, juice and grated peel of one lemon.

Ginger Snaps Cake.

One cup of molasses, one cup of butter, two cups of sugar, four eggs, three cups of flour, one cup of milk, soda, and ginger.

Spice Gingerbread.

Take three pounds of flour, one pound of butter, one pound of moist sugar, four ounces of candied orange or lemon peel, cut small, one ounce of powdered ginger, two ounces of powdered allspice, one-half ounce of powdered cinnamon, a handful of caraway seeds, and three pounds of treacle; rub the butter with your hands into the flour, then add the other ingredients, and mix it in the dough with the treacle; make it into cakes or nuts, and bake it in a warm oven.

Excellent Yeast Bread.

Take two quarts of flour, one pound of potatoes, one pound of double malt, and a quarter of a pound of chipped yeast. Warm a pint and a-half of sweet milk, pulling into it a piece of butter the size of an egg, and mix with it a cup of potato or baker's yeast, a teaspoonful of salt, one egg, and half an ounce of carbonate of soda. Knead thoroughly, and rest to be raised; when it has risen, knead it well, put it in pans, and let it rise for an hour and a quarter.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 11 letters.
My 4, 2, 1, is a part of speech.
My 1, 8, 9, belongs to the fence.
My 1, 6, 10, is a curse.
My 5, 7, 10, signifies assent or confirmation.
My 1, 8, 2, 4, is without compliment or ornament.
My whole is a loss or deprivation.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Cut off my head, and I am said
In making soup and oyster stews.
Now, cut off my tail, and you will see
One of the rivers of Italy.
My whole is a mark of different hue
From anything it is attached to.

Robinsville, N. J. J. L. SINGLETON.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A bridge.
A town of European Turkey.
A boy's name.
A son of Peter the Great.
A celebrated botanist.
A shrewish.
Part of a vessel.
A boy's name.
My initials and finals form one of the United States.

JOSEPH S. ROSS, Jr.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is in the human frame,
My next in eastern river's name.
My third is in the kitchen found;
My fourth is a pheasant sound.
Confusion with the rest combined,
A house will be in terrid climes.

Cherryvale, Dauphin Co., Pa. CYRUS.

Arithmetical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A gentleman, having 7 daughters—namely Amelia, Belinda, Clarissa, Diana, Esther, Francisca, and Georgiana—distributed $10,000 in ready cash among them, in the following complicated manner, viz.: To his eldest daughter, Amelia, plus that which Belinda, and minus that which Clarissa got, he gave $1,183. To Belinda, plus that which Clarissa and minus that which Diana got, he gave $1,107. To Clarissa, plus that which Diana and minus that which Esther got, he gave $1,286. To Diana, plus that which Esther and minus that which Francisca got, he gave $1,393. To Esther, plus that which Francisca and minus that which Georgiana got, he gave $1,421. And to Francisca, plus that which Georgiana and minus that which Belinda, (the second daughter,) received, he gave $1,861. What was each daughter's own individual share?

DELTA.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A merchant in Davenport purchased in New York city goods to the amount of $3,778, on 6 months credit, paying 6 per cent. more than if he had paid down. What would he have saved in 20 years, averaging 21 such purchases each year, if he had borrowed money at 7 per cent. per annum with which to make his purchases, and what would the Davenport merchant have gained if he had continued to trade 21 years, to borrow money instead of purchasing on credit, loaning the money saved at the end of each year at 7 per cent., simple interest?

MORGAN STEVENS.

Round Grove, Rock Co., Iowa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a wise lad like a collection of unpaid bills? Ans.—Because he's an (ass) owning his.

☞ Why are mountains like lovelies? Ans.—Because they look peakish.

☞ Why is the circular of sinus the best thing in the world? Ans.—Because he never misquotes anybody.

☞ Why does the atmosphere of a European capital a great philosopher? Ans.—Because its rank air (Verulam).

☞ "How long did Adam remain in Paradise before he sinned?" said an amiable spinster to her husband. "Till he got a wife," was the caustic reply.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Ore, the Lost Will, by Mrs. Belle Z. Spencer. RIDDLE—Pen-dar. REBUS—George Washington, Gold, Sal, George, Ink, Grass, Elephant, Wagon, Ann, Hoe, Arrow, Ink, Rabbit, Glass, Tree, Quill, Ink.

Answer to R. Rambo, Cin. Pa. Add, Jane 24th, 1857. Correct. Answered E. H. G.

In R. Parker's Puz. No. 1, 3 miles; 2 furlongs, 20 rods.—Solved by E. H. G.

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Capital Excuse to Wife.

A "gemman ob color" belonging to Tehama, recently made a pilgrimage to Red Bluff for the purpose of procuring an ebony helpmate, either as a partner in the laundry business or for life, he wasn't particular which. Arriving at his destination he made known to the puzzling Ethiope the object of his visit, and asked her consent to the proposition. After turning the question over in her mind for a few moments, she came out with, "S——, how much capital had you?

"Well, I'spects to tell you de truf, I'ah only got four dollars wid me jes now."

"Won't do, S——, won't do! Sam Johnson hab got six an' a spokin' stove. I guess I gwine to hab him."

Poor S—— is still going it alone.

Against the Current.

A waggish chap, whose vixen wife, by drowning lost her pocketing fits, called out his neighbors all around, and told 'em that his spouse was drowned, and, in spite of search, could not be found. He knew, he said, the very spot, where she had tumbled in the brook, and he had dragged along the shore, above the place a mile or more.

"Above the place?" the people cried; "why, what d'ye mean?"

The man replied—

"Of course you don't suppose I'd go and waste the time to look below? I've known the woman quite a spell, and learnt her fashions tu'ble well; alive or dead, she'd go, I swow, against the current anyhow!"

A TEETOTALER lecturer, descanting on the essential qualifying qualities of cold water, remarked, as a knock-down argument:—"When the world had become so corrupt that the Lord cou'd do nothing with it, He was obliged to give it a thorough cooking, in cold water." "Yes," replied a tipper, "but it killed every darned critter on the face of the earth."

SOME person, whom Quin had offended met him one day in the street, and stopped him. "Mr. Quin," said he, "I understand that you have been taking away my name." "What have I said, sir?" "You called me a scoundrel, sir." "Oh! then keep your name, sir," said Quin, and walked on.

THE PERFECTION OF IMAGINATION.—A French hosier-marker, said a customer, who complained of the price demanded for a new bonnet: "Consider, madame, it cost me three sleepless nights merely to imagine it."

HARDHEARTED AGE.—"Steel your heart," said a considerate father to his son, "for you are going into strong cases discharging girls." "I would much rather steel theirs," says the unassuming young man.

IT IS A question for the consideration of the medical faculty, whether patients suffering from a deficiency of iron in the blood might not be benefitted by the use of steel punches as an habitual beverage.

RELIANCE.—Female correspondents in Europe are thought more reliable as they never skip the mails, and are never light except when kissed.

THE horse is not an affectionate animal; he doesn't seem to care about his grazier much. We have one individual in a stable, though.